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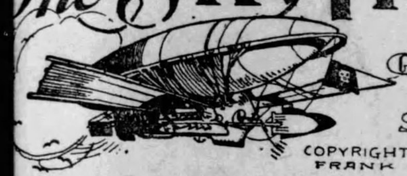
The Sky Pirate



BY GARRETT P. SERVISS

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CHAPTER V.—(Continued.)

Eight. But it would be impossible conceal more than four of them. I dispose of four in such a way as to off retreat in every direction."

How are you going to conceal m? You say Payton has the eyes an eagle, and can command a view the entire ground. And, besides, ey are entangled among trees, are they going to get under way a moment's notice?"

have arranged all that. The os, with power up, will be hidden in the tops of the trees. A ine eagle couldn't recognize them they are disguised with leaves specially arranged branches. As getting under way quickly, there not a question about that. I am more confident of my plan because I have been looking up Payton's tory, and I know that he has never this kind of an ambush laid for He has simply been chased aeros, but no such means of conlment has ever been practiced."

Mr. Grayman's shrewd mind warned that there were serious defects in commissioner's plan; yet, he felt something must be done, and done ckly.

You know we must not fail!" he d.

We shall not fail," was the confi- reply.

ill, Mr. Grayman was half disposed ject the scheme, and try something But he could think of nothing and then his daughter's absence her imminent danger smote his rt.

Done!" he said, decisively. "I'll try

Then," remarked the commissioner, ch gratified, "I'll send off the aeros ght in order that nobody shall wit- their arrival. Their commanders, are the men that accompanied me Tribes Hill, know already exactly t to do. They will prepare the am- h and be ready for work in the rning."

How many men will you have in "

Thirty-six will go in the aeros, of om 28 will be armed to the teeth. 12 marksmen will be sent on by in various disguises. We our- es will take the midnight express Albany, and a local train will g us to Tribes Hill early in the rning."

The commissioner had learned that full complement of the Chameleon, uding her commander, was ten men. ordingly he could count upon hav- three to one in a fight.

Thus the matter was arranged. When illam Grayman said "Yes" to any position he wanted to have it car- into effect instantly.

In accordance with the commission- orders, the four police aeros ran up Tribes Hill in the night, arriving at ir destination about three in the rning, so that their coming was un- ticed in the sleeping villages near. ey took care to give the city of sterdam, some six miles away, a de berth. The hiding places for the os had been selected by the commis- ner and his aids with great care, d no time was now lost in concealing fliers among the tops of the trees the neighboring woods on both sides the Mohawk.

Once in position they were anchored h guys, which could be severed in instant, and were disguised with es and fresh cut branches to con- l them from prying eyes above; ile, as to observers below, it was own that few persons ever entered woods at that season, and any nce wanderer there would have to be very keen-sighted if he detected the least sign of the aeros hidden in the leafy tree tops.

Yet they were so placed as not to be hampered in getting away at full speed, and their high power drivers could be turned on almost instantaneously. Of the crew of nine men which each aero carried, seven were there for fighting purposes only, and they carried automatic arms of the latest pattern. The other two were engineer and steersman. By judicious selection of positions an aero was stationed at each point of the compass, their average distance from the bluff where the meeting was to take place hardly exceeding a quarter of a mile. The commissioner's principal dependence was on surprise. He calculated that Payton, seeing no aero near, would boldly descend to the bluff and fall straight into the trap, because the police, getting into motion simultaneously at a signal, would be upon him from all sides before he was aware of their presence.

The signal was to be a white handkerchief waved by the commissioner himself from a point which he had selected not far from the bluff, and which could be seen from each of the aeros. One thing which the commissioner had not thought of arranging—and it was a capital error, as the sequel will show—was to so place the aeros that their crews would have one another always in view. As it turned out, when they were once in position they could not see each other at all.

Dawn comes early in June, and the commanders of the fliers had hardly completed their arrangements and settled down for a long wait, when a pale streak illumined the heavens in the east.

"Boys, keep quiet now," said the captain in charge of the aero which was stationed on the south side of the Mohawk, farthest west. "Daylight is beginning, and there must be no noise."

It was Captain Patrick Phelan, one of the bravest officers on the New York force.

While he was speaking, two farmers, who had gone at an unusually early hour into the fields, three-quarters of a mile up the river from Tribes Hill, saw an aero, dressed in green, skimming a few yards above their heads. Aeros were rarely seen so far from the large cities in those days, and the farmers gazed at this one in the utmost amazement. Before they could speak, it had passed them, soared over a rise of ground ahead, and dipped into the hollow on the other side.

An instant later, they saw it again dimly, far away, and apparently rising. It swooped over a little piece of woods and seemed to dart down among the trees, where it was once more lost to sight.

Something now happened among those trees, half a mile away, which the farmers would have given a cow apiece to witness.

Captain Phelan's men had obeyed his injunction, and were keeping quiet. Most of them were lying on their backs looking up through the narrow interstices in the canopy of leaves with which they had covered their craft. Their arms were conveniently stacked in the center of the deck. Suddenly, a shadow fell over them. Before a man could count five, the branches were brushed away and an aero dropped beside them. In a moment nine men stood in a circle around their stacked arms, with pistols leveled at their heads! Half of the policemen were not yet on their feet.

"This game is up, boys," said the leader of the boarders. "I'll blow out the brains of the first man that utters a sound. Up with your hands!"

The New York policeman is never a coward; he would not hold his place a day if he were. But he knows when the drop is on him. Most of the men did as they were commanded to do, and quickly found themselves lying bound and gagged on the deck. Two who seemed about to offer resistance, were knocked down. Captain Phelan, brave as a lion, half drew a pistol from his holster, when the weapon in the hand of the leader who had spoken flashed, with the wicked smack of the modern arm of precision, not audible a dozen rods away, and the gallnt officer fell with a bullet through his brain.

It was all over in half a minute. Captain Phelan was dead, and his eight men, including the engineer and steersman, were helpless prisoners on their own deck. The element of surprise had played even a greater part in this brief tragedy than the commissioner had expected. Alfonso Payton had begun to turn the tables on his foes with his usual elan. But, as yet, he had by no means finished the job.

"Aboard!" he commanded sharply.

His men sprang upon the Chameleon, and she was away in a flash. Running low again, she headed down the river for a second piece of woods, where another of the hidden aeros floated among the tree tops. Here, a similar scene was enacted. Even more utterly unprepared than their unfortunate comrades, these policemen were taking an early breakfast. Some of them were knocked over with the cups in their hands.

Captain Billings, their commander, was seized from behind by Payton before he even knew that an enemy was aboard. Not a man had a weapon ready, and not a shot ws fired. The captives were gagged and bound like the others, and the Chameleon was off again for her third victim, on the north side of the river.

This time there was a fight, but a most unequal one, because the surprise was virtually as complete as in the first two cases. The Chameleon had, indeed, been seen a quarter of a minute before the attack, but, unluckily, she was mistaken by Captain Campbell for one of his consorts, and while he was beating his brains to understand what she wanted there, Payton and his men leaped aboard almost unopposed.

Even then, Campbell probably never comprehended that it was the famous Sky Pirate who had attacked him. He had no time to think of anything except the fact there was an attack, and having his pistol in his hand, he shot the first man who put foot on his deck.

Immediately a bullet passed through his own heart. His men rallied gallantly, but only three of them succeeded in getting hold of their weapons.

Payton pushed the assault like a demon. His pistol leveled two of these men, with shots so nearly simultaneous that their reports blended. The third was brained with his own weapon by one of Chameleon's crew, who showed the strength and agility of an acrobat. In the meantime, the other five, being unable to reach their weapons, were easily overpowered, gagged, and bound.

Not a sound of this struggle reached the fourth aero, something less than a third of a mile distant. Indeed, the shots could not have been heard as far as the edge of the little woodland in which the fight occurred. This, by the way, is one of the disadvantages of our modern firearms; if they do not betray one's location to the enemy, they equally fail to convey information to friends.

Payton's brief campaign was going like a whirlwind! Three-quarters of his task was now completed, and he lost not a minute in winding it up.

The fourth aero, under Captain Burns, was situated westward from the bluff. Payton once more ran the Chameleon near the ground until he reached the edge of the woods, then rose quickly above the trees, located his prey in spite of its fancied security, and was upon it without the slightest warning having been given. Here again the men were at breakfast, and the scene was almost a duplicate of that enacted at the second assault.

In every case Payton was careful to leave the little flags, which were to indicate to the commissioner the presence of his aeros at their prescribed posts, undisturbed.

No sooner were Burns and his men secured than the Chameleon rose almost vertically in the air to a great elevation and then, assuming her sky-blue dress, for the sun was rising in a cloudless heaven, soared off southward. When he had got well beyond eyeshot from Tribes Hill, Payton ordered the aero to hover over the farm-checkered township of Florida, and sent his men to breakfast.

"A pretty good morning's performance," he said, laughing in his hearty manner, and addressing the steersman, who, in each case, had been the only one left in charge of the Chameleon, all the others being engaged in the fight and capture.

The steersman's only reply was a delighted grin. Like his comrades, he fairly worshiped his peerless commander.

"So this is the metropolitan police," Payton continued with a sneer. "And their commissioner thought that he could take me in! I'm half inclined to give him a taste of my jug, when he arries with his billionaire client."

The fact was, as subsequent investigation fully developed, and as I have already hinted, that Payton knew the commissioner's plan, through the medium of his spies, whom he had everywhere in wireless communication. So, instead of being trapped, he had himself turned trapper. Now, he only awaited the arrival of the commissioner and Mr. Grayman to complete his achievement.

He knew the hour when the local train would arrive from Albany, and he took his measures accordingly.

CHAPTER VI.

The Finish With the Police.

Mr. Grayman and the commissioner were very impatient because their train was a quarter of an hour late in leaving Albany. Their impatience was not due to fear that they should be too lote for the rendezvous, as no hour had been named for that, but simply to eagerness to put their plan into operation.

Mr. Grayman's faith in his police ally had been growing, and he now looked upon him as an able detective and a man of resources. His only anxiety was lest Payton, feeling sure that he had the police, would stay away. The commissioner had succeeded in driving from the billionaire's mind the fear of injury to his daughter in case Payton suspected treachery.

"They've always made such threats," he said, "but they never execute them, because why, it wou'dn't pay. They know their chances for a ransom would be gone then. You may try to trap a kidnaper as often as you like, but he will never resent it until every possible card has been played. Payton has got a hundred cards up his sleeve."

This seemed reasonable to Mr. Gray, and served greatly to relieve his mind. It also vastly increased his desire for vengeance on the man who had dared so rudely and mercilessly to affront him. They discussed the subject in various lights during the short run from Albany. Arrived at the station for Tribes Hill, they had a long uphill walk to the scene of the rendezvous.

The commissioner's sharpshooters, in all sorts of disguises, popped up here and there, and were sent to hiding places in the neighborhood. As they approached the bluff, the commissioner parted from his employer.

"I'll leave you here," he said, "and go to my station over yonder from which, as I told you, I will make the signal. We may have to wait some time, but I reckon that he'll be along early—and won't he be surprised, though! Occupy his attention as long as possible. Promise him anything and everything. You can afford it, you know!"

When Mr. Grayman was alone the affair began to assume a different aspect. Once more his shrewd doubts returned, and he said to himself that he must have become an infernal idiot to expose his life and liberty in this manner—he, William Grayman, with his billions, to walk into the jaws of a tiger, with his eyes open to the danger! But then the thought of his daughter's peril occurred, and nerved him to go on. Everything must be ventured for her sake!

He had not time to fall into dubiety again, for suddenly a voice sounded over his head. Glancing upward, Mr. Grayman was almost startled out of his senses by seeing right above him an aero, which was swiftly descending. In another minute it swept gracefully to the ground, and an elegantly attired gentleman calmly stepped down from its flat deck, and politely removing his hat, advanced with outstretched hand and winning smile, toward the billionaire.

"Good morning, Mr. Grayman," he said in a voice of wonderful sweetness. "I'm delighted to see you here. I am Captain Alfonso Payton, with whom you had a distant conversation the day before yesterday. I am happy to observe how rigidly you keep your appointments, although that does not surprise me, for, of course, like all the world, I know your business reputation. But you do me great honor, sir."

Mr. Grayman, like every person who had ever come into contact with Payton, felt instantly the magnetism of his presence and manner. It was an all but irresistible charm that this man spread around him. Not thinking of what he did, but simply influenced by the atmosphere of good-fellowship and gentility, Mr. Grayman unconsciously took the offered hand, and Payton gave him a cordial pressure of the fingers, and smiled with an increase of affability, showing his beautiful teeth.

"What a delightful morning we have," he remarked with the easy grace of a man used to the world's best things, and glancing around him with looks of admiration. "So cool so fragment with the breath of the fields. But I think it will turn out a hot day."

"Yes, I think so," Mr. Grayman replied, so completely surprised that he hardly knew what he was saying. "I—"

"Ah, doubtless you would wish to hear from your daughter," Payton went on still smiling. "I am happy to tell you that she is enjoying excellent health and spirits, in a most charming locality. I left her only this morning, and knowing that I was to meet you she sent her love to her father, whom she hopes to see soon—as she will if he remains reasonable."

These last words Payton spoke with a sharp emphasis.

Mr. Grayman was completely nonplussed. Payton's change of manner also startled him. His fear for his personal safety began to return, and once more he inwardly called himself an idiot.

"We must come to business, Mr. Grayman," Payton continued, in an increasingly icy tone. "You are used to plain, quick talk; so am I. You have promised me ten million dollars. Your promise is as good as a government bond. When will you have the money ready? When I get it you get Helen. But you made me another promise, at least by implication, and implied promises, when the parties understand one another, are as good as any. You promised not to try to betray me. That promise you have not kept—and you know what I told you!"

Mr. Grayman, between surprise, anger, an danxiety, lost his self-command. Then the thought of the commissioner, and the aeros at hand, flashed across his mind, and restored his confidence. He must carry out the plan now; he was in for it.

"I did not—" he began, but Payton interrupted him, thundering:

"Who is your friend under the tree there? What is he waving his handkerchief for?"

Mr. Grayman glanced toward the place where the commissioner stood, and saw a flash of white. Ah; the signal at last! All his habitual coolness came back. The aeros would be here in a minute! He must simply detain Payton a little longer.

He had been greatly relieved at the moment of Payton's arrival to see him send his aero off to a considerable distance, where it remained hovering like a soaring hawk. He now felt that he must distract the pirate's attention, and keep him from calling the aero back.

But while he was casting about for some phrase calculated to suit the emergency, he was surprised to perceive that Payton made no motion. Instead, he folded his arms and looked fixedly at the billionaire. A sneer crept over his face, and at last he said: "Well, out with it, Mr. Grayman, who is your friend?"

Without replying, Grayman turned round on his heel, expecting to see the police aeros swiftly approaching. But he saw nothing except the commissioner frantically waving his handkerchief.

"They're not coming," said Payton derisively. "The commissioner may wave his arm off, but you'll never see his aeros. I fixed them all four this morning, and now I guess I shall have to fix you!"

As he spoke he lifted his hand.

Immediately, the Chameleon wore round and swept on toward them in a beautiful curve. As she grazed the ground, two men sprang off, and, before he could have offered a show of resistance, Mr. Grayman was seized, lifted from his feet, and carried aboard. Payton followed at his heels, and a moment later they were circling upward.

That which Mr. Grayman's good sense had all the while been telling him would happen, had happened. It may or may not appear strange that his first impression was not of fear, but of shame because he had made an ass of himself.

When the unhappy commissioner, from his post of observation, saw this maneuver, which belied all his predictions and promises to Mr. Grayman, he nearly went crazy. It was utterly beyond his comprehension why the aeros did not move. If they had obeyed his signal, the Chameleon would have been trapped. The commissioner was profane when excited.

"The —— —— rascals," he cried, "they've gone to sleep!"

Then he cursed the marksmen, who also had done nothing, but for a different reason from that which had eliminated the aeros. Having, at Mr. Grayman's objection, abandoned his original intention of shooting Payton on sight, the commissioner had neglected, in the hurry of the last moments after their arrival, to give precise instructions to these men.

"Shoot! curse you, shoot! Pepper that aero!" he now yelled. "Come out of cover and shoot!"

The men came running from various directions and began to fire wildly. If they had been specially trained to shoot birds on the wing with rifle-bullets, they might have stood a chance of hitting the Chameleon. Payton laughed loudly at them, and to show his contempt, circled around without trying to get away.

"Take your time, boys!" he shouted. "You'll improve with practice. Meanwhile, I'll show you how."

As he spoke a thin blue flame leaped from the Chameleon and one of the men dropped in his tracks. Another flash, with the same result. The sharpshooters ran for cover. Then the aero turned and swooped down toward the commissioner. Suddenly pausing a few yards above his head, Payton leaned over the side and said: "My best respects to you, Mr. Commissioner Braman. When you lay another trap for Alfonso Payton just fetch the rest of your metropolitan police to see the fun. Good-by!"

The enraged commissioner drew his pistol and fired point-blank at Payton. The bullet whistled close by the latter's head, but he only laughed and shouted back: "A pretty good shot commissioner!" Then he added more severely: "I could lay you in your tracks, but you are a brave man, though no fox-hunter, and I'll let you off this time."

The chief's reply was two more shots, which also missed their mark. Payton laughed again, and the Chameleon, making a sudden turn, soared high aloft, and then darted off westward with her billionaire prisoner.

CHAPTER VIII.

The Billionaire's Predicament.

Meanwhile, what was happening to Mr. William Grayman? The Chameleon, as I have said, speeded westward upon leaving Tribes Hill, and Payton took good care to rise so high and to disguise the aero so well with appropriate color, that probably not an eye caught sight of her after she quitted the scene of the encounter with the police.

As soon as Mr. Grayman had been carried aboard he was put into the little room that had been occupied by his daughter and the door was locked upon him. He heard the noise of the brief battle and Payton's shouts and laughter during his exciting colloquy with the commissioner, but he saw nothing that went on. He could not be unaware, however, that the victory rested with his captor, and his spirits sank.

Alternately he fumed with suppressed rage, directed against himself rather than against the commissioner, and shivered with apprehension, not so much on his own account as for his daughter. Notwithstanding his tendency to fits of choler, Mr. Grayman was ordinarily cool headed and self-possessed. He saw the mistake he had made, and yet he said to himself that, in view of Helen's peril, he could hardly have acted differently.

"I had to venture it," he sollioquized. "I don't see that there was any other way—and yet I was a fool! And what have I gained? Almost it would have been better to pay the money and let the scoundrel go—if he surrendered Helen safe."

Then he tried to imagine what Payton would do. Would he keep him a prisoner? But what could he gain by that? The billionaire knew well enough that there was nobody who would pay ten million dollars to have him released. Was his life in danger? No, he did not think so. The commissioner's reasoning on that point seemed conclusive. All the danger centered on his daughter. At moments he debated whether he should not, now, offer to pay the ransom and have done with it. He could afford it, enormous though the sum was. He had cleared fifty millions during the past year.

While he was turning the subject in his mind, the door opened and Payton entered. Mr. Grayman hated the man with all his soul, and yet, somehow, he could not resist the influence of that genial smile and that pleasant voice. Payton's words had a yet more softening effect.

"Mr. Grayman," he said in his most winning manner, "I give you my word as a gentleman—you need not look surprised at that term; I am entitled to it as I could prove to you if it were worth while—I give you my word as a gentleman that I am inexpressibly pained by what has occurred. It was not my intention to carry you off, or to offer you any indignity whatever, but you know as well as I do that I was compelled. In my flash of anger over the trick that was attempted upon me, I probably used expressions that were rude and offensive. For them I apologize. But when the commissioner of the New York police tried to force himself into our affair, what could I do? I had to shift the ground."

"You promised me immunity if I would meet you," interposed Mr. Grayman.

"And you broke the convention by coming to the rendezvous under the secret escort of a whole fleet," laughed Payton. "See here, Mr. Grayman," he went on, "I took you to task rather sharply this morning for not living up to that part of our agreement. But you should consider the circumstances. You should remember that I had an immense provocation in the recollection of the four aeros which I had found on my arrival early in the morning, concealed in the woods, and with which I had just been compelled to do single-handed battle.

"But for my means of learning the designs of my enemies, I should have been beautifully trapped. Part of my very natural indignation recoiled upon you, because, of course, it was you who were primarily responsible for the appearance of the police.

"But now I let that pass. I am willing to overlook it in view of your inexperience in such affairs as this. You are now, by force of circumstances, in a position where it will be impossible for any further interruption of our private conversation to occur, and we may proceed with the business in the most amicable spirit."

The easy self-assurance of this speech, and Payton's cool assumption that he was the injured party, quite dumfounded Mr. Grayman. He saw the game well enough, but he did not see a way to meet it. Again, the thought occurred to his mind: Why not pay and put an end to this misery? That would, at least, be the means of getting Helen back, and afterward he could deal with the kidnaper and robber without fear of the consequences to her. Still, it went dreadfully against the grain for him to give up anything against his will.

Payton saw the turmoil of the billionaire's thoughts and determined to do something to increase his perplexity. In his most genial way he said: "Pardon me, Mr. Grayman, for forgetting the duties of hospitality to a guest who does myself and my aero so much honor by his presence. If you please, we will take a cup of coffee, and then go out on deck and talk over the arrangement while admiring the landscape beneath us."

Payton touched a button, and a man dressed like a cock entered and received his master's order. In a few minutes he returned with a tray of steaming coffee, eggs and rolls.

Mr. Grayman really was hungry, for neither he nor the commissioner of police had thought of breakfast in their eagerness to capture the pirate, and he did justice to what was set before him, Payton keeping him company and running on with a varied conversation which showed, among other things, his acquaintance with the affairs of the world of finance.

When the greakfast was finished he said: "Come, now, Mr. Grayman, just step outside and see what a beauty the Chameleon is. I presume that, like your daughter, you have never before made a trip on an aero. By the way, it may interest you to know that Helen and her maid occupied this room."

This was maddening, and Mr. Grayman felt a desire to throttle the fellow.

"Where is my daughter?" he demanded.

Payton smiled provokingly as he replied: "She is where no police in the world can ever find her, and where she will remain, in my charge, until the ransom is paid, or until—"

Payton, purposely, did not finish the sentence, but remained silent, looking straight into the billionaire's eyes. If it was his plan to shake his prisoner's nerves he was fairly successful. But he was not through yet. After a minute he rose and said: "But come, it is very close inside here. Let's go out."

Mr. Grayman, at first, was disposed to refuse. But he really felt the need of fresh air, and, besides, if Payton should insist how could he resist? So he rose and followed the pirate out of the little door.

(To Be Continued.)

Speakers at the Conservation Congress

HENRY A. BARKER, RHODE ISLAND — WILLIAM H. TAFT — THEODORE ROOSEVELT — GIFFORD PINCHOT, PRESIDENT NATIONAL CONSERVATION ASS'N

JOHN BARRETT, DIRECTOR GENERAL PAN AMERICAN UNION — JOSEPH N. TEAL, CONGRESS

Finds American Men "Amiable"

ROSARIO VILLAVERDE — Photo by W. C. HAZEN

IGNORITA VILLAVERDE, a member of a family of nobility in Spain, is visiting in New York, the other day she spoke interngly of her impressions of Ameri- men.

think my first impression of your ntry was that it looked like a great dication. The buildings so high, so ng. That was at first, and it still ins so in my mind, but I was more n surprised to feel this same im- sion about almost everything else, cially the men.

The men here seem built for work. y do not seem to think that anyng is too much to undertake; they k as though they had the power to stand all the rough weather that might come, just as your—what do you call them?—skyscrapers do.

"American men that I have known have always been very considerate, very amiable, and then they look at women differently than our men do. You see, they appreciate the fact that women have brains and that they can use them. I don't know but that it has been the women of the country who have accomplished this, and just made the men see them in the right light. The women are very brave.

"But the American man regards the woman as his equal, and many times his superior. He helps and teaches her to think, and knowing she is responsible and capable, and recognizing all this, he makes a very different husband than a man in France."

The Living Temple.

Not in the world of light alone,
Where God has built His blazing throne,
Nor yet alone in earth below,
With belted seas that come and go,
And endless isles of sunlit green,
Is all thy Maker's glory seen.
Look in upon thy wondrous frame—
Eternal wisdom still the same!

The smooth, soft air with pulse-like waves,
Flows murmuring through its hidden caves,
Whose streams of brightening purple rush,
Fired with a new and livelier blush.
While all their burden of decay,
The ebbing current steals away,
And red with Nature's flame they start
From the warm fountains of the heart.

No rest that throbbing slave may ask,
Forever quivering o'er his task,
While far and wide a crimson jet
Leaps forth to fill the woven net
Which in unnumbered crossing tides
The flood of burning life divides,
Then, kindling each decaying part,
Creeps back to find the throbbing heart.

But warmed with that unchanging flame
Behold the outward moving frame,
Its living marble jointed strong
With glistening and silvery thong,
And linked to reason's guiding reins
By myriad rings in trembling chains,
Each graven with the threaded zone
Which claims it as the Master's own.

See how yon beam of seeming white
Is braided out of seven-hued light,
Yet in those lucid globes no ray
By any chance shall break astray.
Hark, how the rolling surge of sound,
Arches and spirals, circling round,
Wake the hushed spirit through thine ear
With music it is heaven to hear.

Then mark the cloven sphere that holds
All thought in its mysterious folds;
That feels sensation's faintest thrill,
And flashes forth the sovereign will;
Think on the stormy world that dwells
Locked in its dim and clustering cells!
The lightning gleams of power it sheds
Along its hollow glassy threads!

O Father! grant thy love divine
To make these mystic temples thine!
When wasting age and wearying strife
Have sapped the leaning walls of life,
When darkness gathers over all,
And the last tottering pillars fall,
Take the poor dust thy mercy warms,
And mold it into heavenly forms!

—Oliver Wendell Holmes.

TROUT ALMOST KILL A DOG

Form Piscatorial Whirlpool and Rip Off Animal's Shaggy Coat.

New York Press.

Wallace Short has a dog. Its name is Skip. It was long-haired, but it isn't any more. This morning it went fishing. Short said no, but the dog said yes, and then it took a flying leap and with a bow-wow of delight landed in the center of one of the pools of Frank Drumboller's trout hatchery on the Tranquility turnpike. The dog was a bit hungry, and when it jumped it had its gaze fixed on a large trout that had been basking in the sun, with one eye on Skip and the other on a bread crumb nearby.

The dog had a long shaggy coat when it entered the pool. It had seen but one, and had no means of knowing or even suspecting there were 3,000 other trout in the same pool, all full grown and hungry, for it was feeding time. Scarcely had Skip struck the water when it began to bark for help. Short and Drumboller ran to the edge of the pool and what they saw made their eyes pop.

The thousands of trout had massed themselves about the dog, and swimming around and around had engulfed him in a perfect piscatorial whirlpool. Occasionally one of the large fish would make a side leap and take a bite at the dog. Skip was in a bad way when the men arrived. The silent mass of fish gradually would have forced him under the water. He had gone in long-haired, but came out like a hairless Mexican dog. The secret was that Skip suffered from a skin affection, and his master had rubbed him with olive oil, appetizing to the fish. So they almost skinned him.

Neck Pierced by Arrow.

Los Angeles Times.

It was in the summer of '59 that George Wainwright and Ben Spencer, each in charge of a train of freight wagons, were headed for the Missouri river to bring supplies back to Colorado points. The Indians were very troublesome in those days, and these two outfits always camped together for protection. One night they had arranged the camp, with the wagons forming a circle, and everybody but the guards were to be inside. Wainwright preferred to sleep in a clump of cottonwoods about a quarter of a mile off, and there he fixed himself with his negro servant as a bodyguard. Neither the camp nor Wainwright was disturbed during the night, but early the next morning, while Wainwright was sitting on the ground with his back to a tree drinking his tin of coffee, an arrow from an unseen foe entered his neck to the right of the jugular vein, and was driven with such force as to impale the victim to the tree. The negro, believing his master was killed, ran to Spencer's camp and gave the alarm.

Spencer and some of his men rushed over to Wainwright. Instead of being dead, Wainwright was not even seriously injured. Spencer cut the arrow off close to the point of entrance, and then gently drew Wainwright's head forward until he was released. The victim suffered but little inconvenience from the wound, and by the time the trip was completed it was entirely healed.

No Longer Old at Forty.

Strand Magazine.

There is no fact more striking than the way modern life is pushing back the period of old age. Less than a century ago a man was old at 40. You have only to pick up Jane Austen's novels to find gentlemen of 35 described as middle-aged. At 60 they were gabbling in their dotage. And there is Mr. Pickwick—that dear, delightful, benevolent old gentleman of 40. Fifty years ago when a man reached the age of 45 he grew a beard under his chin, bought himself a pair of drab gaiters and a white neckcloth, and spoke with anxious concern of the rising generation, whose manners were so different from those he had known as a "young man." In our generation 32 is outwardly indistinguishable from 53, save in that the former has a slightly more youthful tint in its cheeks and its waistcoat.

As for the fair sex, the genus old lady is all but extinct. The pretty, vivacious matron you admire at a garden party may have seen 25 or 70 summers. As Queen Alexandra not long since said to Mme. Adelina Patti, "We are two of the youngest women in England." The illustrious royal example has been so sedulously followed that the ladies—always young, always active, always in the height of fashion—may be said to laugh in the very face of Father Time.

American Gum Chewing.

New York World.

Twenty-nine students and three professors of the University of Commerce, in Cologne, heartily welcome to our city, find the gum chewing habit looming large among the wonders of America. We can not be surprised at this, having been impressed ourselves by the omnipresent nickel-in-the-slot gum machine, the inexhaustible stocks of chewing gum in jars and piles on candy store and drug store counters, the jaws almost unanimously in activity in subway jam, trolley car crushes and crowds at large.

There have been attempts to establish gum in Europe. The results are as yet inconsiderable. However, the demand right here in the United States calls for the manufacture of three billion pieces of gum a year and gives prosperity to a very healthy 11-year-old trust. If one doctor says gum chewing is harmless, another declares that it overworks the salivary glands. But to the stranger within our gates the wonder of the busy jaw remains.

HALF A CHANCE

BY FREDERIC S. ISHAM

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CHAPTER XVII.

Before the sudden fierce passion gleaming on John Steele's face, the bright flame of his look, the person who had accosted him shrank back; his pinched and pale face showed surprise, fear; almost incoherently he began to stammer. Steele's arm had half raised; it now fell to his side; his eyes continued to study, with swift, piercing glance, the man who had called. He was not a fear-inspiring object; hunger and privation seemed so to have gripped him that now he presented but a pitiable shadow of himself.

Did John Steel notice that changed, abject aspect, that bearing, devoid totally of confidence? All pretense of a certain coster smartness that he remembered, had vanished; the hair, once curled with cheap jauntiness, hung now straight and straggling; a tawdry ornament which had stood out in the past, absurdly distinct on a bright cravat, with many other details that had served to build up a definite type of individual, seemed to have dropped off into oblivion.

Steele looked about; they two, as far as he could see, were alone. He regarded the man again; it was very strange, as if a circular stage, the buskined world's tragic-comic wheel of fortune, had turned, and a person whom he had seen in one character had reappeared in another.

"I ask your pardon." The fellow found his voice. "I'll not be troubling you further, Mr. Steele."

The other's expression altered; he could have laughed; he had been prepared for almost anything, but not this. The man's tones were hopeless; very deferential, however.

"You were about to beg—of me?" John Steele smiled, as if, despite his own danger, despite his physical pangs, he found the scene odd, unexampled, between this man and himself—this man, a sorry vagrant; himself, become now but a— "You were about to—?"

"I had, sir, so far forgotten myself as to venture to think of applying for temporary assistance; however—" Dandy Joe began to shuffle off in a spiritless way, when—

"You are hungry?" said John Steele.

"A little, sir."

"A modest answer in view of the actual truth, I suspect," observed the other. But although his words were brusk, he felt in his pocket; a sovereign—it was all he had left about him. When he had departed post-haste for Strathorn House, he had neglected to furnish himself with funds for an indefinite period; a contingency he should have foreseen had risen; for the present he could not appear at the bank to draw against the balance he always maintained there. His own future, how he should be able to subsist, even if he could evade those who sought him, had thus become problematical. John Steel fingered that last sovereign; started to turn, when he caught the look in the other's eyes. Did it recall to him his own plight but a short 24 hours before?

"Very well!" he said, and was about to give the coin to the man and walk away, when another thought held him.

This fellow had been a link in a certain chain of events; the temptation grew to linger with him, the single, tangible, though paltry and useless, figure in the drama he could lay hands on. John Steele looked around; in a byway he saw the lighted window of a cheap oyster buffet. It appeared a place where they were not likely to be interrupted, and motioning to the man, he wheeled abruptly and started for it.

A few minutes later found them seated in the shabby back room; a number of faded sporting pictures adorned the wall; one—how John Steele started!—showed the 'Frisco Pet in a favorite attitude. Absorbed in studying it, he hardly heard the proprietor of the place, and it was Joe who first answered him; he had the honor of being asked there by this gentleman, and—he regarded John Steele expectantly.

Steele spoke now; his dark eyes strangely; a sardonic expression lurked there. The proprietor could bring his companion a steak if he had one. Large or small?—large—with an enigmatical smile.

The "hexibition styke" in the window; would that do, queried the proprietor, displaying it.

Would it? the eyes of the erstwhile dandy of the east side asked of John Steele; that gentleman only answered with a nod, and the supplemental information that he would take "half a dozen natives himself." The proprietor bustled out; from an opposite corner of the room, the only other occupant regarded with casual curiosity the two ill-assorted figures. Tall, florid, Amazonian, this third person represented a fair example of the London gricette, the petite dame who is not very petite, of its thoroughfares. Setting down a pewter pot fit for a guardsman, she rose and sauntered toward the door; stopping there, with one hand on her hip, she looked back.

"Ever see 'im?" she observed, nodding her bonnet at the portrait. "Noticed you appeared hinterested, as if you 'ad!"

"Perhaps!" Steele laughed, not pleasantly. "In my mind's eye, as the poet says."

"Wot the —!" she retorted elegantly. "'Ere's a swell toff to chawf a lidy! 'Owever," reflectively, "I've 'eard 'e could 'it 'ard!"

"But that," said the gentleman indicating the tankard, "could hit harder."

"My hyes; wot's the name of yer missionary friend, ragbags?" to Joe.

"The gentleman's a lawyer, and when I tell you his name is—"

John Steel reached over and stopped the speaker; the woman laughed.

"Perhaps it ayn't syfe to give it!"

Her voice floated back now from the threshold; predominated for a moment later in one of the corners of the bar leading to the street: "Oi sol, you cawn't go in for a 'arf of bitters without a bloomin' graveyard mist comin' up be'ind yer back!" Then the door slammed; the modern prototype of the "roaring girl" vanished, and another voice—hoarse, that of a man—was heard:

"The blarsted fog is coming down fast."

For some time the two men in the little back room sat silent; then one of them leaned over: "She might

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have asked you that question, eh, Joe?" The speaker's eyes had turned again to the picture.

The smaller man drew back; a shiver seemed to run over him.

"They're a long while about the steak," he murmured.

"For your testimony helped to send him over the water, I believe?" went on the other.

"How du you—? I ain't on the stand now, Mr. Steele!" A spark of defiance momentarily came into Dandy Joe's eyes.

"No; no!" John Steele leaned back, half closed his eyes; again pain, fatigue seemed creeping over him. Outside sounded the clicking of glasses, a staccato of guffaws, tones vivace. "The harm's been done so far as you are concerned; you as a factor, have disappeared from the case."

"Glad to hear you say so, Mr. Steele. I mean," the other's voice was uncertain, cautious, "that's a matter long since dead and done with. Didn't imagine you ever knew about it; because that was before your time; you weren't even in London then." The keen eyes of the listener rested steadily on the other; seemed to read deeper. "But as for my testimony helping to send him over the water—"

"Or under!" sotto voice.

Joe swallowed. "It was true, every word of it."

"Good!" John Steele spoke almost listlessly. "Always stick by any one who sticks to you,—whether a friend, or a pal, or a patron."

"A patron!" From the other's lips fell an oath; he seemed about to say something but checked himself; the seconds went by.

"But even if there had been something not quite—strictly in accord—which there wasn't" — quickly — "a man couldn't gainsay what had been said," Dandy Joe began.

"He could," indifferently.

"But what would be—"

"Confessing to purjury? Yes."

"Hold on, Mr. Steele!" The man's eyes began to shine with alarm. "I'm not on the—"

"I know. And it wouldn't do any good, if you were."

"You mean—" in spite of himself, the fellow's tones wavered—"because he's under the water?"

"No; I had in mind that even if he hadn't been drowned, your—"

"Wot! Hadn't—"

"A purely hypothetical case! If the sea gave up its dead"—Joe stirred uneasily—"any retraction on your part wouldn't serve him. In the first place, you wouldn't confess, then if you did—which you wouldn't—to employ the sort of Irish bull you yourself used—you would be discredited. And thus, in any contingency," leaning back with folded arms, his head against the wall, "you have become nil!"

"Blest if I follow you, sir!"

"That, also," said John Steele, "doesn't matter. The principal subject of any consequence, relating to you, is the steak, which is now coming." As he spoke, he rose, leaving Dandy Joe alone at the table.

For a time he did not speak; sitting before a cheerless fire, that feebly attempted to assert itself, he looked once or twice toward the door, as if mindful to go out and leave the place.

But for an inexplicable reason he did not do so; there was nothing to be gained here; yet he lingered. Perhaps one of those subtle, illusory influences we do not yet understand, and which sometimes shape the blundering finite will, mysteriously, without conscious volition, was at work. One about to stumble blindly forward, occasionally stops; why, he knows not.

John Steele continued to regard the dark coals; to divers and sundry sounds from the table where the other ate, he seemed oblivious. Once when the proprietor stepped in, he asked, without looking around, for a certain number of grains of quinine with a glass of water; they probably kept it at the bar. Yes, the man always had it on hand and brought it in.

A touch of fever, might he ask, as the visitor took it; nothing to speak of, was the indifferent answer.

Well, the gentleman should have a care; the gentleman did not reply except to ask for the reckoning; the proprietor figured a moment, then departed with the sovereign that had been tossed to the table.

By this time Dandy Joe had pushed back his chair; his dull eyes gleamed with satisfaction; also, perhaps, with a little calculation.

"Thanking you kindly, sir, it's more than I had a right to expect. If ever I can do anything to show—"

"You can't!"

"I don't suppose so," humbly. Joe looked down; he was thinking; a certain matter in which self-interest played no small part had come to mind. John Steele was known to be generous in his services and small in his charges. Joe regarded him covertly. "Asking your pardon for referring to it—but you've helped so many a poor chap—there's an old pal of mine what is down on his luck, and, happenin' across him the other day, he was asking of me for a good lawyer, one who could give him straight talk. One moment, sir! He can pay, or soon would be able to, if—"

"I am not at present," Steele experienced a sense of grim humor, "looking for new clients."

"Well, I thought I'd be mentionin the matter, sir, although I hadn't much hopes of him being able to interest the likes of you. You see he's been out of old England for a long time, and was goin' away again, when w'at should he suddenly hear but that his old woman that was, meaning his mother, died and left a tidy bit. A few hundren pounds or so; enough to start a nice, little pub, for him and me to run; only it's in the hands of a trustee, who is waiting for him to appear and claim it."

"You say he has been out of England?" John Steele stopped. "How long?"

"A good many years. There was one or two little matters agin him when he left 'ome; but he has heard that certain offenses may be 'outlawed.' Not that he has much 'ope his'n had, only he wanted to see a lawyer; and find out, in any case, how he could get his money without—"

"The law getting hold of him? What is his name?"

"Tom Rogers"

For some minutes John Steele did not speak; he stood motionless. On the street before the house a barrel-organ began to play; its tones, broken, wheezy, appealed nevertheless to the sodden senses of those at the bar:

"Down with the Liberals, Tories, Parties of all degree."

Dandy Joe smiled, beat time with his hand.

"You can give me," John Steele spoke bruskly, taking from his pocket a notebook, "this Tom Rogers' address."

Joe looked at the other, seemed about to speak on the impulse, but did not; then his hand slowly ceased its motion.

"I, sir—you see, I can't quite do that—for Tom's laying low, you understand. But if you would let him call around quiet-like, on you—"

John Steele replaced the note book. "On me?" He spoke slowly; Dandy Joe regarded him with small crafty eyes. "I hardly think the case will prove sufficiently attractive."

The other made no answer; looked away thoughtfully; at the same moment the proprietor stepped in. Steele took the change that was laid on the table, leaving a half-crown, which he indicated that Dandy Joe could appropriate.

"Better not think of going now, sir," the proprietor said to John Steele. "Never saw anything like it the way the fog has thickened; a man couldn't get across London tonight to save his neck."

"Couldn't he?" Dandy oJe stepped toward the door. "I'm going to have a try."

A mist blew in; Dandy Joe went out. John Steele waited a moment, then with a perfunctory nod, walked quietly to the front door. The man had not exaggerated the situation; the fog lay before him like a thick yellow blanket. He looked in the direction his late companion had turned; his figure was just discernible; in a moment it would have been swallowed by the fog, when quickly John Steele walked after him.

CHAPTER XVIII

The dense veil overhanging the city, while favorable to John Steele in some respects, lessening for the time his own danger, made more difficult the task to which he now set himself. He dared not too closely approach the figure before him, lest he should be seen and his purpose divined; once or twice Dandy Joe looked around, more, perhaps, from habit than any suspicion that he was followed. Then the other, slackening his steps, sometimes held back too far and through caution imperiled his plan by nearly losing sight of Dandy Joe altogether. As they went on with varying pace, the shuffling from ahead seemed to find the way by instinct; crossed unhesitatingly many intersecting thoroughfares; paused only on the verge of a great one.

Here, where opposing currents had met and become congested, utter confusion reigned; from the masses of vehicles of all kinds, constituting a seemingly inextricable blockade, arose the din of hoarse voices. With the fellow's figure a vague swaying shadow before him, John Steele, too, stopped; stared at the dim blotches of light; listened to the anathemas, the angry snapping of whips. Would Dandy Joe plunge into the melee; attempt to pass through that tangle of horses and men? Apparently he found discretion the better part of valor and moving back so quickly he almost touched John Steele, he walked down the intersecting avenue.

Several blocks further on, the turmoil seemed less marked, and here he essayed to cross; by dint of dodging and darting between restless horses he reached the other side. A sudden closing in of cabs and carts midway between curbs held John Steele back; he caught quickly at the bridle of the nearest horse and forced it aside. An expostulating shout, a half scream from somewhere greeted the action; a whip snapped, stung his cheek. An instant he paused as if to leap up and drag the aggressor from his seat, but instead with closed hands and set face he pushed on; to be blocked again by an importunate cab.

"Turn back; get out of this somehow, cabby!" He heard familiar tons, saw the speaker, Sir Charles, and, by his side—yet, through the curtain of fog, so near he could almost reach out and touch her ,he saw as in a flash, Jocelyn Wray!

She, too, saw him, the man in the street, his pale face lifted up, ghost-like, from the mist. A cry fell from her lips, was lost amid other sounds. An instant eyes looked into eyes; hers, dilated; his, unnaturally bright, burning! Then as in a daze the beautiful head bent toward him; the daintily clad figure leaned forward, the sensitive and trembling lips half parted.

John Steele sprang back, to get free, to get out of there at once! Did she call? he did not know; it might be she had given voice to her surprise, but now only the clatter and uproar could be heard. In the fog, however, her face seemed still to follow; confused, for a moment, he did not heed his way. Something struck him—a wheel? He half fell, recovered himself, managed to reach the curb.

He was conscious now of louder shoutings; of the sting on his cheek; of the traffic, drifting on—slowly. Then he, too, started to walk away, in the opposite direction; it mattered little whither he bent his footsteps now. Dandy Joe had disappeared; the hope of attaining his end through him, of being led to the retreat of one he had so long desired to find, had proved illusive. The last moment's halt had enabled him to escape, to fade from view like a will-o'-the-wisp.

John Steele did not go far in mere aimless fashion; leaning against a wall he strove once more to plan, but ever as he did so, through his thought the girl's fair face, looking out from enshrouding lace, intruded. Again he felt the light of her eyes, all the bitterness of spirit their surprise, consternation, had once more awakened in him.

He looked out at the wagons, the carts, the nondescript vehicles of every description; but a moment before she had been there,—so near he had caught beneath filmy white the glitter of gold,—her hair, the only bright thing in that murk and gloom. He recalled how he had once sat beside her at the opera. How different was this babel, this grinding and crunching of London's thundering wheels!

But around her had always been dreams that had led him into strange byways, through dangerous, though flowery paths! To what end? To see her start, her eyes wide with involuntary, dread, shrinking? Could he not thus interpret that look he had seen by the flare of a carriage lamp, when she had caught sight of him?

Dread of him? It seemed the crowning mockery; his blood surged faster; he forgot his purpose, when a figure coming out of a public house, through one of the doors near which he had halted, caught his attention. Dandy Joe, a prodigal with unexpected riches, wiped his lips as he sauntered past John Steele and continued his way, lurching a little.

How long did Steele walk after him? The distance across the city was far; groping, occasionally stumbling, it seemed interminable now. Once or twice Dandy Joe lost his way, and jocularly accosted passers-by to inquire. At Seven Dials he experienced difficulty in determining which one of the miserable streets radiating as from a common hub, would lead him in the desired direction; but, after looking hastily at various objects,— a barber's post, a metal plate on a wall—he selected his street. Narrow, dark, it wormed its way through a cankered and little-traversed part of old London.

For a time they two seemed the only pedestrians that had ventured forth that night in a locality so uninviting. On either side the houses pressed closer upon them. Touching a wall here and there, John Steele experienced the vague sensation that he had walked that way on other occasions, long, long ago. Or was it only a bad dream that again stirred him? Through the gulch-like passage swept a cold draft of air; it made little rifts in the fog; showed an entrance, a dim light. At the same time the sounds of the footsteps in front abruptly ceased.

For a few minutes Steele waited; he looked toward the place Dandy Joe had entered. It was well-known to him, and, what seemed more important, to Mr. Gillett; the latter would remember it in connection with the 'Frisco Pet; presumably turn to it as a likely spot to screech for him who had been forced to leave Captain Forsythe's home. That contingency—nay, probability—had to be considered; the one person he most needed to find had taken refuge in one of the places he would have preferred not to enter. But no time must be lost hesitating; he had to choose. Dismissing all thought of danger from without, thinking only of what lay before him within, he moved quickly forward and tried the door.

It yielded; had Dandy Joe left it unfastened purposely to lure him within, or had his potations made him unmindful? The man outside neither knew nor cared; the mocking consciousness that he had turned that knob before, knew how to proceed, held him. He entered, felt his way in the darkness through winding passages, downward, avoiding a bad step —did he remember even that?

How paltry details stood out! The earthen floor still drowned the sound of footsteps; the narrow hall took the same turns; led on and on in devious fashion until he could hear, like the faint hum of bees, the distant rumble from the great thoroughfares, somewhere above, that paralleled the course of the river. At the same time a slant of light like a sword, from the crack of a door, gleamed on the dark floor before him; he stepped toward it; the low sound of men's tones could be heard—Joe's; a strange voice! no, a familiar one!—that caused the listener's every fibre to vibrate.

"And what did you say, when he pumped you for the cote?"

"That you would rather call on him."

"And then he cared nought for the job? You're sure'—anxiously — "he wasn't playing to find out?"

The other answered jocosely and walked away; a door closed behind him. For a time the stillness remained unbroken; then a low rattle, as of dice on a table, caused John Steele to glance through a crevice. What he saw seemed to decide him to act quickly; he lifted a latch and stepped in. As he did so a huge man with red hair sprang to his feet; from one great hand the dice fell to the floor; his shaggy jowl drooped. Casting over his shoulder the swift glance of an entrapped animal, he seemed about to leap backward to escape by a rear entrance when the voice of the intruder arrested his purpose, momentarily held him.

"Oh, I'm alone! There are no police outside." He spoke in the dialect of the pick-purse and magsman. To prove it, John Steele stooped and locked the door.

The small bloodshot eyes lighted with wonder; the heavy brutish jaws began to harden. "Alone?"

The other tossed the key; it fell at the man's feet; John Steele walked over to the opposite door and shot a heavy bolt there. "Looks as if it would hold," he said in thieves' argot as he turned around.

"Are ye a gaby?" The red-headed giant stared ominously at him.

"On the contrary,' coolly. "I know very well what I am doing."

A question interlarded with oaths burst from the other's throat; John Steel regarded the man quietly. "I should think it apparent what I want!" he answered. As he spoke, he sat down. "It is you,' bending his bright, resolute eyes on the other.

"And you've come alone?" He drew up his ponderous form.

John Steel smiled. "I assure you I welcomed the opportunity."

"You won't long." The great fists closed. "Do you know what I am going to do to you?"

"I haven't any curiosity," still clinging to thieves' jargon or St. Giles Greek. "But I'm sure you won't play me the trick you did the last time I saw you."

The fellow shot his head near; in his look shone a gleam of recognition. "You're the swell cove who wanted to palaver that night when—"

"You tried to rob me of my purse?"

John Steele laughed; his glance lingered on his bulky adversary with odd, persistent exhilaration, as if after all that had gone before, this contest royal, which promised to become one of sheer brute strength, awoke to its utmost a primal fighting force in him. "Do you know the penalty for attempting that game, Tom Rogers, alias Tom-o'-the-Road; alias—"

The man fell back, in his eyes a look of ferocious wonderment. "Who are you? By—!" he said.

"John Steele."

"John Steele?" The bloodshot eyes became slightly vacuous. "The—? Then you used him," indicating savagely the entrance at the back, "for a duck to uncover?" Steele nodded. "And you're the one who's been so long at my heels?" Rage caused the hot blood to suffuse the man's face. "I'll burke you for that."

John Steele did not stir; for an instant his look, confident, assured, seemed to keep the other back. "How? With the lead, or—"

The fellow lifted his hairy fists. "Those are all I—"

"In that case—" Steele took the weapon, on which his hand had rested, from his pocket; rising with alacrity he placed it on a rickety stand behind him. "You have me a little outclassed; about 17 stone, I should take it; barely turn 13 myself. However," tossing his coat in the corner, "you look a little soft; hardly up to what you were when you got the belt for the heavyweight championship. Do you remember? The 'Frisco Pet went against you; but he was only a low, ignorant sailor and had let himself get out of form. You beat him, beat him," John Steele's eyes glittered; he touched the other on the arm, "though he fought 17 good rounds! You stamped the heart out of him, Tom."

The red-headed giant's arms fell to his side. "How do you—"

"I was there!" An odd smile crossed Steele's determined lips. "Lost a little money on that battle. Recall the fourteenth round? He nearly had you; but you played safe in the fifteenth, and then—you sent him down—down," John Steele's voice died away. "It was a long time before he got up," he added, almost absently.

The listener's face had become a study. Perplexity, mingled with other conflicting emotions. "You know all that—?"

"And all the rest! How for you the fascination of the road became greater than that of the ring; how the old wildness would crop out; how the highway drew you until—"

"See here, what's your little game? Straight now; quick! You come here, without the police, why?"

John Steele's reply was to the point; he stated exactly what he wanted and what he meant the other should give him. As the fellow heard he breathed harder. He held himself in with difficulty.

"And so that's what you've come for, mister?" he said, a hoarse guffaw falling from the coarse lips. John Steele answered quietly. "And you think there is any chance of your getting it? May I be asking," with an evil grin, "how you expect to make me, Tom Rogers," bringing down his great fist," do your bidding?"

"In the first place by assuring you no harm shall come to you. It is in my power to avert that, in case you comply. In the second place you will be given enough sovereigns to—"

"Quids, eh? Let me have sight of them, Mister. We might talk better."

"Do you think I'd bring them here, Tom-o'-the-Road? No, no!" bruskly. "That settles it." The other made a gesture, contemptuous, dissenting.

John Steele's manner changed; he turned suddenly on the fellow like lightning. "In the next place by giving you your choice of doing what I ask, or of being turned over to the traps."

"The traps!" The other fellow's face became contorted. "You mean that you—"

"Will you give up for that little job unless—"

For answer the man launched his huge body forward, with fierce, swinging fists.

What happened thereafter was at once brutish, terrible, Homeric; the fellow's reserves of strength seemed immense; sheer animal rage drove him; he ran amuck with lust to kill. He beat, rushed strove to close. His opponent's lithe body evaded a clutch that might have ended the contest. John Steele fought without sign of anger, like a machine, wonderfully trained; missing no point, regardless of punishment. He knew that if he went down once, all rules of battle would be discarded; a powerful blow sent him staggering to the wall; he leaned against it an instant; waited, with the strong, impelling look people had noticed on his face when he was fighting in a different way, in the courts.

The other came at him, muttering; the mill had unduly prolonged itself; he would end it. His fist struck at that face so elusive; but crashed against the wall; like a flash Steele's arm lifted. The great form staggered, fell.

Quickly, however, it rose and the battle was resumed. Now, despite John Steele's vigilance, the two came together. Tom Rogers' arm wound round him with suffocating power; strove, strained to hurl him to earth. But the other's perfect training, his orderly living saved him at that crucial moment; his strength of endurance lasted; with a great effort he managed to tear himself loose and at the same time with a powerful upper stroke to send Rogers to the floor. Again, however, he got to his feet. John Steele's every muscle ached; his shoulder was bleeding anew. The need for acting quickly, if he should hope to conquer, pressed on him; fortunately, Rogers, in his blind rage, was fighting wildly. John Steele endured blow after blow; then, as through a mist, he found the opening he sought; an instant's opportunity on which all depended.

Every fibre of his physical being responded; he threw himself forward, the weight of his body, the force of a culminating impetus, went into his fist; it hit heavily; full on the point of the chin beneath the brutal mouth. Tom Rogers' head shot back as if he had received the blow of a hammer; he threw up his arms; this time he lay where he struck the ground.

John Steele swayed; with an effort he sustained himself. Was it over? Still Rogers did not move; Steele stooped. felt his heart; it beat slowly. Mechanically, as if hardly knowing what he did, John Steele began to count; "Time!" Rogers continued to lie like a log; his mouth gaped; the blow, in the parlance of the ring, had been a "knock-out;" or, in this case, a quid pro quo. Yes, the last, but without referee or spectators! The prostrate man did stir now; he groaned; John Steele touched him with his foot.

The other half-raised himself and regarded the speaker with dazed eyes. "What for?"

John Steele went to the stand, picked up his revolver, and then sat down at a table. "You're as foul a fighter as you ever were," he said contemptuously.

(To Be Continued.)

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The FARMSTEAD

VETERINARY PROBLEMS

Nasal Gleet.

An old horse has a bad discharge from one nostril and the stuff that comes away has a horrible smell. He does not eat well any more and is growing thin. We have given him powders, but they do no good. He has no lumps on his legs or under his jaw, and the stuff runs out of his nose freely. I guess it is not glanders, for in that disease I am told a horse has heavy discharge that sinks in water and it sticks about the nostril. Is that so?—B. N. R., Nebraska.

Reply—It is about certain that the condition is due to the presence of a diseased molar tooth in the upper jaw on the side corresponding to the discharging nostril. An examination of the mouth will soon tell the tale. A cavity will be found filled with decomposing saliva and feed. A long tooth will be seen in the opposing jaw. Treatment will consist in having the tooth removed. To do this the veterinary dentist will have to trephine through the bones to the face so as to expose the root of the tooth. He will then punch the tooth down into the mouth and afterward plug the wound to keep it from closing too soon, and then once or twice daily flush out that cavity, as well to cure the catarrh. The discharge of glanders does not tend to stick about the orifice of the nostril and is not profuse as in nasal gleet. It is not absolutely correct that only glanders discharge sinks in water.

Fibroid Tumor.

On three different parts of one of our horses' shoulders I can move back and forth under the skin a small, hard object. These lumps do not cause pain and the horse has not yet been worked, so they have not become galled. What are the bunches due to, and can we rub anything on the skin that will take them off? They are like big warts that do not come through the skin.—N. R., Minnesota.

Reply—The bunches are fibroid tumors under the skin and what has caused them cannot be said with certainty; but usually they come from boils that have not had a chance to evacuate their pus. Such tumors are most often seen in horses that have been worked and an ill-fitting collar is the inducing cause. We have seen them, however, under the skin in parts of the body that have never been touched by the harness. The remedy is to have them cleanly dissected out and the wounds treated and stitched in a perfectly aseptic manner, so that healing may take place by "first intention" without formation of pus or causing the animal to be laid aside from work for more than a very few days. External applications will do no good.

Itching Skin.

I wish to know what is the matter with my horses and what should I give them. They are perfectly healthy, eat well, are nicely shed off; but when I turn them out to pasture they are continually rubbing at root of tail and about head and mane. Rub fences down and anything they can get against.—W. H. Thompson, Burnside, Ill.

Reply—If you are feeding corn stop that food now and substitute oats, bran and hay. Some horses itch every time they are turned on grass. Others itch because lice are causing irritation. Or when the tail and mane alone are rubbed it is due to filth, and a thorough washing followed by a free use of a creamy mixture of flowers of sulphur and raw linseed oil ends the trouble. In some cases presence of pinworms in the rectum causes tail rubbing. If that is so, inject a mixture of soapy warm water, four quarts, and tobacco tea one cupful each other night by means of a clean hose and funel. In mares the tail rubbing sometimes is due to collections of filth about the udder, and that part has to be perfectly cleansed. Where the hair at the root of the tail stands erect, wind strands of it around the fingers and pull until the skin gives with a crack. Repeat until all the hair has been so treated. This often stops the rubbing. When chicken lice, horse lice or mange is the case of rubbing the horses should be clipped and dipped or sprayed and scrubbed with a solution of coal-tar dip strengthened with a free addition of flowers of sulphur.

CORN BEST FOR SILAGE

Probably the best single crop for silage is corn, as probably no crop will yield the feed per acre that corn will. However, if combined with cow peas or soft beans the feeding value of the silage is greatly increased. When corn is fully tasseled it contains less than one-fourth the amount of dry matter as when ears are fully glazed. In order to get the greatest feeding value and in order that the silage may keep well, corn should not be cut until kernels are well glazed and hard. If corn is allowed to become too ripe the silage does not settle well and the air will not be sufficiently excluded to prevent spoilding. Corn is most easily handled by cutting with a corn binder. If silage is to keep well the leaves and heavier parts must be thoroughly mixed and evenly distributed in the silo and well tamped, especially next to the wall. After filling, the upper few inches should be wet once and the whole surface tamped every day for a week to obtain a thin, compact layer of well rotted silage which will exclude the air. The cost of filling the silo will vary from 40 cents to 70 cents per ton, depending upon the management of the work.

Sub-Irrigation in Alaska.

Zion's Herald.

A novel agricultural method is in use on the interior of Alaska which consists in farming by sub-irrigation, utilizing the moisture supplied by melting ice. All agricultural growth attained in Alaska is limited to the period from May 30 to September 15. The thaws which then set in extend from about a foot to three feet below the surface, and the sun shines from 16 to 24 hours a day. Rain is practically unknown, but the necessary moisture, by an opportune compensation of nature, comes from below, the melting ice affording a regular and constant supply of water for the plants. Many kinds of vegetables, including celery, lettuce, radishes, cabbages, turnips and potatoes, are now being grown in Alaska, thus rendering living conditions far more tolerable than they were before. These vegetables are said to be much better than those raised in the states, raspberries especially attaining a large size. The outlook for the growing of strawberries and grain is, to say the least not discouraging.

Garden Sonnets.

I.

FADED FLOWERS.

I love you well, O Blossoms of today,
Dew-ladened in the morn, new-blown and fair;
Your lovely presence lightens much my care,
Watching your grace my soul is almost
Forsooth, such beauty is well worth a lay
Freighted with all of music song may bear
To melt in silence on the May-tide air;
I love you well, sweet Blossoms bright—but stay—
My loyalty is not for you alone,
And, if confession be both true and free,
Than you far fairer blossoms I have known,
And still lament their long since vanished glee;
Yea, for my heart a stronger spell they own—
The flowers that dear, dead eyes looked on with me!

II.

WILD MUSIC.

Wild music! In what sweet and various tones
It takes the ear—the roaring of the main
Whose voice low-mimics in the shell's refrain
A captive's sigh; the cataract's deep groans
That distance turns to plaintive moans;
The litany of been in prayer for gain;
The bird's gay lilt; the silver dripping rain;
The rillet's laughing glee twix mossy stones!
Sweet all—but there's one sound more taking yet,
And sweeter than a lover's fondest vows,
With wondrous spells to soothe all pain-racked brows,
Or bring oblivion to an old regret.
It is, when all the little leaves have met,
The music of the wind among the boughs.

—Samuel Minturn Peck in Boston Transcript.

QUESTIONS FOR ANSWERS

The following questions are submitted to readers to answer. We do this in the hope of getting results of actual and successful experience, which will be the most valuable answers possible.

I have a cow that has given bloody milk out of one teat for a month. Will some reader tell me what I can do for her?—A., Earlville, Ill.

Will someone tell me what kind of land would be most suitable to raise alfalfa? I have some hill land and would like to know if it would pay me to sow alfalfa on it.—K., White Pine, W. Va.

I have some fine, thrifty pear trees which are just beginning to bear. Early in the spring the branches began to die from the tips downward. Upon examination I found an irregular incision through the bark just above the body of the tree, and the branches dying down to this point. An apple tree is also affected in the same way. Will someone give me the cause and remedy through these columns? I also have some young apple trees whose entire bark is covered with a grayish white substance resembling ashes, which seems to cause them to stop bearing and lose their leaves. Will spraying remove this, and if so when and with what should I spray them?—G., Misheim, Tenn.

Would like to have some reader tell what causes the thumps in pigs and give a remedy for them.—W., Angola, Ind.

I have a milch cow which has a lump on her jaw. The cow is supposed to have been kicked by a horse. Will some reader of the Farmstead please tell me if there is a remedy, and does it injure the milk?—T., Ostrander, O.

I have some pigs that had the mange and a bad cough. The mange was cured but not the cough. Will someone give a remedy for that?—H., Albion, Wash.

CABBAGE WORMS

To remove green worms from cabbage plants take one ounce of saltpeter and one quart of water. Spray this solution on the plants, and after one or two applications the worms will be gone.—B., Bridgeman, Mich.

TO PURIFY LARD

To purify lard or any kind of grease, peel, wash and cut raw potatoes in slices about one-eighth of an inch in thickness. When the lard is hot place the slices in it and allow them to cook until they are crisp. Remove them and I think you will find your lard sweet. I have tried this process many times and never knew it to fail.—D., Reading, Pa.

FEED LOT PROBLEMS

Ground Ear and Shelled Corn Alike.

"I expect to feed some cattle on grass this summer and would like to ask which is preferable, ground ear corn or ground shelled corn. Do you think it would be advisable to supplement the corn with bran or oats? The cattle will have access to clover, timothy and blue grass pasture. I would also like to know what would be the value of barley hulls for fattening cattle. If they have any value, would you recommend them for dry feeding or for feeding on grass? I have been having barley ground for slop for hogs, but do not like the hulls in it for that purpose, and I thonght if they would be of any value as feed for other stock I would try to sift them out."

There is but little difference in the gains made by cattle fed ground ear corn and ground shelled corn, and the choice of these methods of preparing corn should depend upon which you can do most cheaply. Soaked shelled corn is especially well adapted to grazing cattle and many feeders find it to be a more economical ration than cornmeal. So long as cattle will eat broken ear corn in sufficient quantities without getting sore mouths, it is quite as satisfactory as ground corn. I would not advise supplementing the corn with bran or oats on the kind of pasture you mention, as the clover and other grasses will furnish all the protein necessary and at less cost. Barley hulls have very little feeding value for feeding cattle, and I do not think you could afford to sift them from your barley meal for this purpose. We have made no analysis of barley hulls, but as oat hulls have been shown to be similar to wheat straw in composition, it may be assumed that barley hulls have about the same food value.

"I wish to ask you a lot of questions in regard to cottonseed meal. I am sure that it would do the cattle we are feeding in pasture much good and possibly my dry-fed Blacks. I have an offer that looks pretty low to me and think of getting a carload, which I can get laid down here at $30 per ton, and I guess a dollar or two less. How does that compare with corn at 60 cents per bushel? The steers on grass have plenty of grass and 20 pounds of shelled corn a day. The dry-fed steers, 27 of them, eat 10 bushels, one-fifth oilmeal and four-fifths ground shelled corn, per day, with clover hay for roughage. How much cottonseed meal can I feed profitably? Have figures with perfect safety to hogs that follow cattle? Had the meal better be fine or pea size? The dry-fed cattle ate 12 bushels a day till the weather got so hot."

Cottonseed meal is especially valuable as a supplement to corn when cattle are on full feed on pasture. With corn at 60 cents per bushel and cottonseed meal at $30 per ton I would recommend the use of three pounds of cottonseed meal per day per 1,000 pounds live weight of cattle, and certainly think that it would be economy to use it, besides getting a smoother and quicker finish on the cattle. There will be no difficulty in permitting hogs to follow the cattle receiving the amount of cottonseed meal stated, providing reasonable care is used in not giving the hogs access to the meal directly.

A Preaching Cross Restored.

Lemon Standard.

The preaching cross in the village of Burrington, situate amid romantic surroundings on the northern side of the Mendip Hills, has, by the generosity of Colonel Evan H. Llewellyn, been restored. It is recorded that early in 1805 the handsome fifteenth century base of the cross—all that then remained of it—was removed and utilized in building a new house for the then parish clerk. Happily, the ornamental dial stone did not share the same fate, and this has been incorporated into its original position in the new cross. Three broad and massive steps carry the old socket, upon which rests a tall monolith shaft, which is crowned by one of those lantern shaped canopies so peculiar to the west country.

ALFALFA CAN BE SAVED

A grower in southern Kansas who harvests about 1,500 tons of alfalfa per year, says F. D. Coburn in his Book of Alfalfa, and is working with it nearly every day from the second week in May until Nov. 10, insists that alfalfa, under the same conditions of rainfall, is much easier to save in fair feeding condition than red clover. He finds the side-delivery rake especially excellent for turning over the green or wet windrows to the sun and air with the least loss of leaves, all cured thus, after being wet, the natural color is better preserved. That alfalfa hay has a higher feeding value than almost any other, even when saved under the most unfavorable circumstances, should be impressed upon the inexperienced.

WINCHESTER

Rifle and Pistol Cartridges

In forty odd years of gun making the Winchester company has discovered many fine points about ammunition that could be learned in no other way. That is one reason why Winchester cartridges excel. Another is because they are made in a complete plant by a modern system of manufacture, under the supervision of experts. No matter what rifle or pistol you shoot, there is a Winchester cartridge made for it. For your own protection, don't simply ask for cartridges when you buy. Be specific and insist upon having Winchester make.

THE RED W BRAND IS SOLD EVERYWHERE.

Garibaldi's Granddaughter Visits America

ITALIA GARIBALDI, granddaughter of the great liberator, has come to New York. Besides having a grandfather, the Signorina Garibaldi is distinguished as the principal of what is probably the most important Protestant school in Rome, the Girls' Home school, flourishing within a stone's throw of St. Peter's, under the auspices of the Women's Foreign Missionary society. It shelters hundreds of girls, whose ages range anywhere from two and a half years up, and yet its entire management is in the hands of this one young woman, who is still in her early twenties.

The New York Evening World reporter obtained these impressions of her:

Despite her demure hat and daintily simple gown of soft pongee silk, she was unmistably an exotic in the parlor of the Margaret Louisa Home on East Sixteenth street, where she received me. For she is delightfully Italian, with her big brown eyes and her smoth olive skin and her talkative fingers. Sinking ever so gracefully into the corner of a big sofa, she informed me: "Ah! I have not even had my hat off since this morning before breakfast!"

"It's a pretty hat," I remarked, consolingly.

The senorita's sigh was a trifle pensive. "It is a New York hat," she murmured. "And to suit me there is not enough in it of color..

"But that is the trouble with New York. All here is gray, black, white. You do not seem to know what color really means. Orange and crimson and purple—ah, they are so beautiful. Only the sombre, dark colors, and white, all the time white. You miss so much out of life that way.

"Why, color is the cheapest thing in the world—if one is very practical, one admits that colored clothes are much cheaper than white ones because they keep clean so much longer.

"But I do not know—even your sky and your sun and your trees seem to be in the conspiracy to make dulness instead of brightness. Not even your ocean is as blue as ours. Now, I have had a funny thought," and she laughed in a small gay tinkle. "You know that great man Mr. Zangwill called New York the melting pot. Now if only some kind one would put some little papers of dyes into the pot, so that it would be the dyeing pot and you would all come out knowing the beauty of colors!

"And again, do you know," she continued earnestly, "I think one of the troubles with Americans is that they are gray inside as well as outside. It has sunk in, this drabness, and made your minds and hearts of the same shade.

"The most marvellous sight I have beheld in your city," she continued earnestly, "is the 5 o'clock procession of women that pours out of offices and shops and stores and into Broadway. It is—ah, but I do not know to what to compare it! Army—river—all those words sound so trite. It is like the advance of life itself, so brave, so steady, so relentless. And I do not think your working women look so unhappy, so hungry as that lady from Chicago said the other day. I think they are splendid—they seem so strong, so fearless, so independent.

"With us, even yet, the women do so little. Mostly they stay at home and cook or make themselves beautiful. To my people the idea of women going out alone at night, even coming home alone from work

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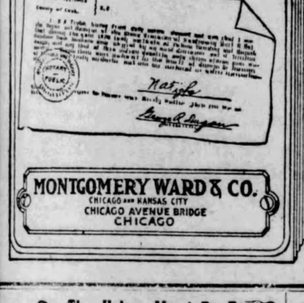

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Must Have Been.

Washington Star.

A pretty girl of the capital city, who spends much time near Lancaster, has an ardent admirer in a droll little child from one of the typical Pennsylvania Dutch families of that section. One day she was telling her small friend something about Washington, when the tiny girl, snuggling up confidentially to her, whispered:

"My daddy's been there!"

"Is that so?" commented the young Washingtonian with well assumed interest.

"Yes," assented the tot. Then her eyes grew large and expressive.

"Did a man ever come to your house selling books?" she asked.

"Why, yes, my dear."

"Well, that," exclaimed the little girl with the finality of youth, "was my papa!"

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PAY NOTHING Until SATISFIED

THE BIGNESS OF OUR 90,000,000

HOW many Americans realize the huge bulk of the population of their country, in the same sense that coal is heavy or the hay crop is immense in cubic feet? Just as a matter of physical bigness, this is a great nation, not in possessions, but in people.

If all of the inhabitants of the United States, grownups and children, were to lie down in a long line, one person's head touching the feet of the one in front, there would be about 75,000 miles of such a human chain.

If every American stood up to be counted, in a long row of men, women and children, even if they stood so close together that they occupied only a foot and a half apiece, the file would be more than 25,000 miles long. It would girdle the earth at the equator.

Averaging the 90,000,000 people in the United States, young and old, adults and babies, at 100 pounds apiece, the American nation weighs 4,500,000 tons. That is enough to load 1,000 good sized steamships with human freight, if it were piled in like coal or grain, with no regard whatever for space or air.

If it were possible to build a gigantic scale, one pan of which would hold the people of this country, while the other was loaded with battleships, it would take about 250 of the biggest "super-Dreadnoughts," or many times the whole number of such fighting machines in the world, to balance the American nation in its bodily presence and weight.

If the 90,000,000 Americans, babies included, drink, on the average, a pint of some liquid every day, which is an

extremely modest estimate, the people of the United States consume about 45,000 tons of water, beer, milk, coffee, tea, etc., daily. The quantity may be twice as great, or even more. But 45,000 tons would load 900 freight cars of the largest size. That means about 25 long trains.

The physical bigness of Uncle Sam is impressive if viewed from any direction or calculated from any basis. If the average consumption of food—bread, meat, potatoes and other vegetables, cake, pie, fruits, etc.—is only a pound and a half a day, that means 135,000,000 pounds, or 67,500 tons, every twenty-four hours.

On the strength gained by such inroads upon the food stores of the world the people of the United States can easily lift 4,500,000 tons at the same instant. If they walk only a mile apiece in a day, which is certainly too low an estimate, the total is equal to walking three times around the earth at the equator, and more than half way around the fourth time.

There are about 50,000,000 hogs in the country, but they do not more than balance the human inhabitants of the United States in weight. The men, women and children outweigh the sheep, and they weigh fully half as much as the 20,000,000 horses, more or less. The people of this country weigh about as much as the apple crop in an average year.

If all the men in the United States pay only a dollar a year apiece for baseball, they spend $25,000,000 on the national game. Of course there are millions who never use a cent for that purpose, but other multitudes average from $10 to two or three times that sum.

The clothing worn by the people of this country averages five pounds weight, shoes and hats included, of course, it follows that when everybody is ready to go outdoors the nation is about 225,000 tons heavier than it is when ready for bed. When Uncle Sam puts on his collar he uses more than 5,000 miles of cloth bands, without taking Mrs. Sam into account at all.

Truly we are a big nation. We bulk tremendously on the scales and under the tape measure. American quantity will evidently care for itself. Quality requires more attention in all countries.

Seven Sentence Sermons.

The aids to noble life are all within.—Arnold.

Friendship improves happiness and abates misery, by the doubling of our joy and the dividing or our griefs.—Cicero.

"If chosen men had never been alone
In deep mid-silence open-doored to God
No greatness ever had been dreamed or done."

A man who would have God's guidance must be willing to make spiritual things his main business.—H. C. Mable.

Every person has two educations—one which he receives from others, and one, more important, which he gives himself.—Gibbon.

All hearts grow warmer in the presence
Of one who, seeking not his own,
Gives freely, for the love of giving
Nor reaps for self the harvest sown.
—Whittier.

Will petitions that do not move the heart of the suppliant move the heart of Omnipotence?—Thompson.

Painter Rests for a Year.

New York Press.

The surprise of Joseph Dixon, a merchant of this place, when he found a painter quietly at work on the front of his store this morning was only equaled by the astonishment he had felt when the same painter abruptly abandoned the job just a year ago yesterday. Dixon watched with wonder the dull red front of his house being transformed into a brilliant yellow to correspond with the other three sides of the building. They were painted yellow in August, 1909.

"Hullo, Elijah; what are you doing here?" Dixon shouted.

"Oh, just finishing up this job," replied the painter, whose last name is Ball.

When Dixon insisted on further explanation, Ball said he went away a year ago to rest and "see the country." He always had intended to finish painting the Dixon store, he explained, and so on returning to Whippany the first thing he did was to apply his brush to the red front. By nightfall the whole structure was of the same yellow hue, and Dixon handed the painter a $5 reward.

Pertinent Query.

Chicago News.

Her—"The clairvoyant said she could tell my past, present and future from a lock of my hair."

Him—"In that case I suppose she would require the past, present and future shades of your hair, wouldn't she?"

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QUESTION BUREAU

RULES—1. Your real name and post-office address must be on the sheet with the question. Initials will not do. 2. Ask only one question; that is, there may be several questions on the same subject, but no different subject. 3. The editor of the Bureau is not allowed to give the address of any person or firm, nor answer as to the reliability of any person or firm, nor to tell where you can buy anything—nothing in the way of free advertising. 4. We reserve the right to decline to answer any question not of general interest to a majority of our readers. 5. We will not answer any question involving dogma or doctrine, or of Biblical interpretation; no prices of old coins or stamps; no arithmetical or grammatical questions. 6. Don't ask replies by mail. If a question is of general interest to our readers we will reply in print, but never by mail.

ULYSSES G. DENMAN

Please give a sketch of the life of Ulysses G. Denman, the attorney general of Ohio.—A. F., Ada, O.

Ulysses Grant Denman was born at Willshire, O., in 1866. His father was a blacksmith who served with General Grant throughout the civil war. He died when Denman was 9 years old. The latter lived on a farm during his boyhood days, and then became a school teacher. While at this work he married Miss Frances Neptune. His health gave way under the confinement of the school room and his physician recommended that he take up his old outdoor life. Denman then thought of going back to farming, but his wife persuaded him to take up the study of law. Denman followed her advice and studied at Ann Arbor. On his way back from that university he stopped in Toledo and liked the city so well that he resolved to begin his practice there. For three months he had no clients and his funds began to run low, when he secured a case which was the forerunner of many more. His success secured him a position with a great law firm. Denman's first public office was that of assistant city solicitor, where his record was good. In 1901 he was elected to the general assembly. Denman was on the committee that drew up the municipal code of Ohio. The code which was adopted was much the same as his plan. He ran for probate judge of Lucas county, but was defeated. The following year, however, he was elected city solicitor of Toledo, and was defeated in 1906. In 1908 Denman was elected attorney general of Ohio, and in the last Republican convention was nominated for that office the second time.

ROBERT J. BURDETTE

Will you please give a sketch of the life of Robert J. Burdette, the humorist—G. S. H., Orting, Wash.

Robert Jones Burdette, the humorist, was born in Greensborough, Pa., July 30, 1844. Early in life he was removed to Peoria, Ill., where he was educated in the public schools. He enlisted as a private in the 47th Illinois infantry in 1862, and served through the war. He then took up newspaper work, finally becoming associate editor of the Burlington, Iowa, Hawkeye. His humorous writings in that paper, being widly copied, made his reputation. In 1877 he began to deliver public lectures. His wife died in the 70s, and he married a lady of Los Angeles, Cal.

VICTOR H. METCALF

Please give a short biography of Victor H. Metcalf, the former cabinet officer.—C. L. B., Johnsonville, Ill.

Victor Howard Metcalf was born October 10, 1853. He graduated from Utica free academy and also from Russell's Military academy, in New Haven, Conn. He then studied at Yale, and during his vacations studied law in the offices of several prominent lawyers in Utica. When Metcalf was in his junior year he left the academical department at Yale and entered the law school, where he was graduated in 1876. The same year he was admitted to practice in the supreme court of Connecticut and in the following year in the supreme court of New York. Metcalf practiced law in Utica, N. Y., for two years and then moved to Oakland, Cal., where he formed a partnership with his brother in 1881. He was elected to the Fifty-sixth congress from the Third district of California and was re-elected to the Fifty-seventh and Fifty-eighth congresses. In 1904 Roosevelt appointed him secretary of commerce and labor, and later he was made secretary of the navy.

WAR OF THE ROSES

I would like to have the Question Bureau give an account of the War of the Roses.—V. B., Tilden, Idaho.

The "Wars of the Roses" was the name given to a civil war in England during the fifteenth century, which may be said to have begun with the first battle of St. Albans, in 1455, and to have ended with the battle of Bosworth Field, in 1485, though during this period of 30 years there were long intervals of peace. The origin of the name of these wars was the badges worn by the representatives of the rival houses of York and Lancaster, the Yorks wearing the white and the Lancastrians the red rose. The house of York was descended from the second son of Edward III., and therefore had a better claim to the throne than the house of Lancaster, which was descended from the fourth son of the same king. But Henry, duke of Lancaster, had arbitrarily seized the crown in 1399, not only dethroning the rightful king, Richard II, but displacing all claimants whose rights were paramount to his own. The usurper was submitted to for the sake of peace, and had the descendants of Henry IV. continued to show the ability displayed by that monarch and his son Henry V., the Lancastrian branch might have held power indefinitely. His grandson, however, Henry VI., proved to be so feeble in mind and character that abundant opportunity was given to the powerful nobles to plot his downfall. Richard, duke of York, the presumtive heir to the throne, as the king for some years after his marriage remained childless, had united himself by marriage with the Nevilles, one of the most powerful families of nobles in the kingdom, and had won to his side many other families of influence. When, therefore, his expected accession was cut off by the birth of a young prince in 1453, the disaffected nobles thought it time to combine for a change of dynasty. King Henry had been reduced by illness to a condition of imbecility, and York was made protector of the kingdom, but the king upon his recovery resumed power, and so gave excuse by acts of tyranny for a revolt of the nobles. The first battle was fought at St. Albans, May 22, 1455, and was won by the Yorkists or party of the White rose. The king was now in their power, and York was made protector again. The queen would not submit to this compromise, and herself raised an army to defend the claims of her infant son, and war began again in 1459. After the battle of Northampton, July 10, 1460, it was arranged that Henry should remain king for life, but that York should succeed him. Queen Margaret refused assisted, and December 30, following, defeated the Yorkists at Wakefield. Here the Duke of York and many of his supporters were killed. The Yorkist claim now passed to the duke's eldest son, Edward, a youth of only 19 years of age, but possessed of remarkable intellectual powers. He overcame Lancastrian troops in two minor battles, then went to London where he was proclaimed king March 4, 1461. March 29 the battle of Towton—one of the most bloody conflicts ever fought on English soil—resulted in a victory for York. Two years later Queen Margaret renewed the contest with aid from Scotland and France, but was beaten at Hexham, May 15, 1464, and poor old King Henry fell into his rival's hands and was imprisoned in the tower. The Yorkers were now established in power, but they quarreled among themselves; the powerful Neville family, headed by the Earl of Warwick, rebelled and fleeing to France, joined the party of Queen Margaret. Invading England with an army that inaugurated another War of the Roses. At the battle of Barnset, however, April 14, 1471, the Lancastrians were defeated and Warwick was killed. At Tewksbury, May 3, Queen Margaret and her young son were taken prisoners; the prince was killed and the queen imprisoned in the tower, where the poor old king died soon after, it was thought by violence. The White Roses now held comparatively undisturbed possession of power for twelve years. King Edward, dying in 1483, left two young sons, both of whom their uncle, the Duke of Gloucester, had murdered, in order that he might himself seize and hold the regal power. Richard's many evil deeds so roused general indignation that a party was formed for the purpose of deposing him and putting the Earl of Richmond who was the great-great-grandson of the first Duke of Lancaster, on the throne. The first effort of the conspirators failed, and one of their principal leaders, the Duke of Buckingham, was beheaded. But in 1485 Richmond had raised a small army and, meeting Richard's troops on Bosworth field, defeated them, the king falling in the fight. Richmond, who was crowned Henry VII. on the battlefield, with the crown that Richard had worn in the action, soon after married Elizabeth eldest daughter of the late King Edward, and thus the rival houses of York and Lancaster were united, and the wars of the Roses forever ended.

INTERNATIONAL DATE LINE

Please explain what is meant by the international date line.—B. R. J., Swanton, Md.

This line is imaginary, and is drawn through the Pacific ocean somewhat irregularly, but tending in a general northerly and southerly direction and separating the islands of the ocean in such a way that all those which lie to the east of it carry the same date as the United States, while all those which lie on the west of it carry the same date as Japan and Australia. The nature of this line may be made by the following illustration: A traveler leaves New York City at noon on Sunday and proceeds westward just as fast as the earth turns in apparent westward progress with such precision that he keeps it always directly south of him. It will be noon, therefore, at every place he passes. If, however, he asks the day of the week at every point of his journey he will be told that it is Sunday at all points in the United States and even as far west as Hawaii. This cannot hold true indefinitely, however, because when he has gone entirely around the world and has returned to New York he will have been gone 24 hours and will therefore be told that it is Monday noon. Yet it has always been the same day to him, and there must have been some place on the journey where he was told for the first time that the day was Monday instead of Sunday. At this place, if he wishes to be in accord with the people he meets, he must arbitrarily change his day from Sunday to Monday. Mariners are in the habit of making the change upon crossing the 180th meridian from Greenwich, England, but this fact is of no service to us if we wish to compare the date carried on one of the Pacific islands with the corresponding date (say) at New York because the mariners pay no attention to the local dates on the islands that they pass. The ideal way to find out where the date actually does change would be to canvass the entire Pacific so as to find out what date is actually in use on every one of the islands at some given instant. A line drawn from pole to pole in such a manner as to keep all islands bearing one date on one side and all islands bearing the other date on the other side, would afford a perfectly definite basis for the comparison of dates, and would be the true "international date line." No such canvass has been made. As a general rule it may be said that the date now in use upon most of the different islands or groups is the date which results from the one carried there by the European or American colonists, and this date will presumably come from the east or the west. This is not true universally, however, because arbitrary changes are known to have been made in a number of cases. One example of this was in the case of Alaska. When it was purchased by the United States the date in use there was made to conform with the one used in our country.

TO REMOVE MOLES

Please tell fully how to use croton oil to remove moles.—I. M., Elba, N. Y.

To remove moles with the aid of croton oil so that no permanent marks will be left on the skin use any simple oil, pomade, or ointment and medicate with a croton oil so that the strength is just sufficient to raise a very slight pustular eruption. This is probably the safest, the most effective and convenient method of all the preparations which have been used. The solution should be applied at intervals extending over several weeks, as the feelings, experience and convenience of the party concerned may indicate, due care and caution being observed all the time.

THE ROOSEVELT DAM

Please give a description of the Roosevelt dam in these columns.—R. S. P., Altona, Ill.

The Roosevelt dam in Arizona is built on a curve with a radius of 400 feet. It is 235 feet at the bottom and 1,080 feet at the top. Two spillways are included, one at either end, each 200 feet in length and which carry off the excess of flood waters. The dam backs up the water of the Tonto creek and Salt river for a distance of 30 miles up the canyon and is located just at the junction of the two streams. The total height of the dam from foundation to top is 280 feet, lying 30 feet below the river surface. Its width is 165 feet at the base and 15 at the top. Along the entire length of the dam and spillways is a roadway. The dam is constructed of huge blocks of stone set in cement, the stone having been blasted from the walls of the canyon above the dam. It contains 240,000 yards of masonary and is the second highest dam in the world, exceeded in this respect only by the famous Shoshone dam in Wyoming. The capacity of the reservoir is 1,300,000 acre feet and the water will supply 240,000 acres of land. This is the first water that has reached this land, and words fail to describe what it is doing for that country.

CONSTITUTIONAL AMENDMENTS

When and by whom were the eleventh and twelfth amendments proposed and adopted? Please publish them.—R. M., Vincent, W. Va.

Both the eleventh and twelfth amendments were proposed by congress. The former was proposed March 5, 1794, and was ratified by the legislatures of three-fourths of the states on January 8, 1798. The latter amendment was proposed December 12, 1803, and ratified September 25, 1804.

The eleventh amendment is as follows. "The judicial power of the United States shall not be construed to extend to any suit in law or equity commenced or prosecuted against one of the United States by citizens of another state, or by citizens or subjects of any foreign state."

The following is the twelfth amendment: "The electors shall meet in their respective states, and vote by ballot for president and vice president, one of whom, at least, shall not be an inhabitant of the same state with themselves; they shall name in their ballots the person voted for as president, and in distinct ballots the person voted for as vice president, and of all persons voted for as president, and of all persons voted for as vice president and of the number of votes for each, which list they shall sign and certify, and transmit sealed to the seat of the government of the United States directed to the president of the senate. The president of the senate shall, in the presence of the senate and the house of representatives, open all the certificates, and the votes shall then be counted; the person having the greatest number of votes for president shall be the president, if such number be a majority of the whole number of electors appointed; and if no person have such majority, then from the persons having the highest numbers, not exceeding three, on the list of those voted for as president, the house of representatives shall choose immediately, by ballot, the president. But in choosing the president, the votes shall be taken by states; the representation from each state having one vote; a quorum for this purpose shall consist of a member or members from two-thirds of the states, and a majority of all the states shall be necessary to a choice. And if the house of representatives shall not choose a president, whenever the right of choice shall devolve upon them, before the fourth day of March next following, then the vice president shall act as president, as in the case of the death or other constitutional disability of the president. The person having the greatest number of votes as vice president shall be the vice president, if such number be a majority of the whole number of electors appointed, and if no person have a majority, then from the two highest numbers on the list the senate shall choose the vice president; a quorum for the purpose shall consist of two-thirds of the whole number of senators, and a majority of the whole number shall be necessary to a choice. But no person constitutionally ineligible to the office of president shall be eligible to that of vice president of the United States.

TO WOMEN WHO DREAD MOTHERHOOD

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TO MEASURE A RIVER

Will you give me a method for measuring a river by remaining on one side?—N. D. E., English, Ky.

Here is a handy bit of applied geometry for measuring the width of a river: Select a tree or other object on the opposite bank and one where you stand. Then move off at right (square) angle to these and pace a distance, say 100 yards; plant a mark (a pole or stick will do), and then go on half as much again (another 50 yards). Then turn a right angle to your original line and walk away from the river, counting your paces, until you bring the mark in line with the tree on the opposite bank. The distance you have paced since turning will be one-half of the distance across the river. Thus, if you find you have paced 90 yards, the river is 180 yards wide.

THE PANAMA CONGRESS

Please tell me something about the Panama congress.—G. G. K., Nauvoo, Ala.

In 1826 the Panama congress was called by the Spanish-American republics. The United States sent delegates too late for the preliminary meeting and the adjourned congress for the following year never occurred. Among the objects of the proposed congress interesting to the United States were: The establishment of liberal doctrines of commercial intercourse; assent to the doctrines that free ships make free goods, and an agreement that "each will guard against the establishment of any future European colony within its borders." The failure of the congress showed that an alliance between this country and the small republics was inadvisable. The President was in favor of the proposed meeting, but congress was not.

EXPANSION OF METALS

Tell me what you can about the expansion and contraction of metals. How much do railroads rails expand and contract in the varying degrees of heat and cold?—H. H. T., Hastings, Mich.

All metals expand when heated and contract by cold. Any length of steel, if that length is considered to be 1, at 32 degrees —freezing—at 212 degrees, or the boiling point of water, will measure 1.0011. Wrought iron, at the boiling point, will measure 1.00125, and copper 1.00181. Of course, railway rails expand in a similar proportion. In actual practice, in laying railway tracks, one-fourth of an inch is allowed to each rail length. That is, a quarter-inch is left between the ends of two 30-foot rails, and a greater space if the rails be longer.

COTTON CROPS

Please tell how many bales of cotton were raised each year from 1896 to 1909.—S. W. M., Jonesboro, Ark.

The number of bales of cotton raised in the year 1896 was 7,162,473; in 1897, 8,714,011; 1898, 11,180,960; 1899, 11,235,383; 1900, 9,439,559; 1901, 10,425,141; 1902, 10,701,453; 1903, 10,758,326; 1904, 10,123,686; 1905, 13,556,841; 1906, 11,319,860; 1907, 13,560,760; 1908, 11,581,829; 1909, 13,828,846.

MISCELLANEOUS

D. S., Starksboro, Vt.: See a chemist to obtain an answer to your question.

S. E. S., Milan, W. Va.: The bureau is now ready to give a sketch of J. W. Clapp.

J. C. M., Marshall, N. C., and W. P., Cygnet, O.: Write to the general land commissioner, at Washington, D. C., for the information you desire.

WOMEN AND SUFFRAGE

Will Follow Law of Nature, With or Without Ballot,

Can a passing fashion, can an abstract cause, rob life of that which goes farthest down and farthest back? I am shocked that wise men should have so little faith, so little real insight. There is a disheartening shallowness about their whole contention. They talk as if the maternal instinct were an outside something, like a fashion in hats, and as if it were now making manifestations which they do not like and would correct by "reason." When did "reason" ever have anything to do with it? Could you reason with the law of gravitation because you thought it was not living up to its privileges and obligations? Women will follow the law of their natures, not because masculine or "womanly" arguments convince them, but because it was there before they were; they can no more help it than they can stop their hearts from beating; they have no more choice in the matter than they have in regard to having hands and feet, nor as much. Our ambitious youngsters, who hope to "do so much for the world" in the way of abstract causes, bow like grass before the winds of God, when the winds of God begin to blow. And if, as sometimes happens, for them they do not blow, these workers, for the most part, carry out their tasks sweetly and courageously, finding their places, and necessary places, in this great Commonwealth of humanity. Quite as amenable to the underlying laws of life are the older and sterner members of womankind who chatter on platforms about women's rights. When this kind fall, they fall like Lucifer. I have even observed though I realize that it will take several eons before men find this out that the strongest-minded women are usually the ones capable of the strongest affections; the most apparently unsexed often, in the deepest sense, the most womanly. How can we blame men for not discovering this, when often, through some oversight or blundering Dame Nature—who seems to make as many mistakes as do other feminine creatures—the women do not suspect it themselves?

Ribbons for All Purposes.

They are popular after coiffure ornaments.

There are painted ribbons in various delicate tones.

Metallic ribbons, studded with gleaming crystals, add much to the dressy evening costume.

There is a new and fascinating ribbon studded with peacock's eyes.

Others have baroque pearls, turquoises and other semi-precious stones, says the Portland Evening Express and Advertiser.

Wire lattice work in gold or silver may be used with charming effect.

All these and many others are used to make the bandeaus and filets which will be needed to enhance the charm of the summer girl.

Business.

London Opinion.

Tailor—"It is an extraordinary fact, sir—perhaps you already know it—you have exactly the same measurements as the 'Apollo Belvedere'!"

Nature's Wasteful Wood-Growing.

NOW THAT forests and forestry are one of the live topics of the day in the United States and the nation has learned to feel new interest in the conservation of its woods, one fact which ought never to be lost sight of is the wastefulness of nature's way of growing timber. The opportunity to direct the forces which produce the forests belongs to man as truly as he has been able to increase the yield of grain on lands tilled for quicker crops than trees.

In several ways the natural growth of the woods is marked by great waste. Ten or twenty trees start the struggle for existence in a space big enough for one to come to full and profitable maturity. The other saplings die after a battle for life in which the survivor is held back and injured, more or less, by the destructive fight for air and sunlight and space for growth.

Man can avert all this waste of the resources of the soil and atmosphere. When and where he plants forests he can set out only as many trees as may be given room enough and nourishment. Trees can be helped in that way just as corn is or cabbage.

Moreover, it is possible to increase greatly the economic value of a fixed area devoted to woods by the simple means of keeping the trees unmixed, or nearly so, within a certain space. That is, by making one forest plantation all pine trees and another all maples, and so on.

In the tropics, especially, many extensive forests are of little industrial or commercial importance because trees of any given kind are so scattered that they cannot be handled without excessive expense. It is impossible to set up a sawmill anywhere in the woods without soon being forced to draw valuable logs a long way to get them where they can be converted into lumber, even though the whole country may be covered with trees.

On the other hand, the redwood of the Pacific coast, the white pine of the lake region and the upper Mississippi valley, and the firs of Oregon and Washington, are examples of trees which grow so close together and of such size and quality that they can be cut and marketed at the minimum expense. The lumberman is not obstructed and burdened by the necessity of hauling a valuable tree past 50 which are of no economic importance to get it to a sawmill.

A little consideration of these facts is enough to show that a forest planted by experts and guarded and kept in the best condition under their supervision may far surpass the average rate of growth and productiveness in natural woods. Skill will play as important a part in the growing of timber as it does in producing other staples which come from the soil.

For this reason the possibilities of lumber production on a given area planted with trees cannot be gauged by the average records of woods which grow by chance. The German forests, under careful supervision at all times, prove by the timber crops they yield that there are few departments of productive industry dealing with the forces and resources of nature, which yield a better return for scientific and constant care than wood-growing does.

The railroad companies, the lumbermen, the farmers and the government are all making progress in systematic and scientific tree-growing, and these steps in productive forestry are being taken in all parts of the country. Naturally, they are on the largest scale where the need of cheap and convenient timber supplies has been most felt. As American business methods become more settled and the demand for immediate results grows less imperative, progress in this direction will be more general.

Ultimately it will be found that there is enough land in the United States which is better adapted to forest growth than it is to any other use, to furnish all the wood the nation will need, even when its population vastly exceeds the 90,000,000 already here.

To Lengthen Life of Broom.

With the increased cost of brooms, the thrifty housewife wishes to preserve their usefulness as long as possible. Soak a new broom for several minutes in hot suds; this not only toughens but tightens the broom whisps. Then hang it up. All brooms, when not in use, should always be hung up. Cut a groove around the handle and tie a cord around it, leaving a loop for hanging, or use one of the patent fasteners which screw to a door. These may be bought for a few cents. The soaking process should be repeated every fortnight.

Another housewife washes her 2 brooms in cold soapy water, rinses thoroughly in cold water, snaps off all moisture possible and, pressing the corns into shape, places where they will dry slowly.

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AGENTS PORTRAITS 35c, FRAMES 15c up. Sheet Pictures 1c. Stereoscope Views 1c. 30 Days' Credit. Samples and Catalog Free. Consolidated Portrait, Dept. 4806 1027 W. Adams St., Chicago.

AGENTS wanted in every county to sell Transparent Handle Pocket Knives. Big commissions paid. From $75 to $300 a month can be made. Write quick for terms. Novelty Cutlery Co., 128 Bar st., Canton, O.

MALE HELP.

VALUABLE TOWN LOTS FREE—To advertise our property and section we will actually give away ten lots, valued at $50 each, to Toledo Blade readers. An opportunity for you. Address Savell Son, Box 63, Athens, Ga.

Learn to write advertisements. You can positively earn $25 to $100 a week. Ask for prospectus free. Page-Davis Co., 13 Page Building, Chicago.

FEMALE HELP.

INTELLIGENT girl or woman, spare time, each locality, address envelopes, mail circulars; good pay made; material, stamps, furnished free. Rex Mailing Agency, London, Ont.

HELP WANTED.

RAILWAY MAIL clerks wanted; salary $800 to $1,600; annual vacations with full pay. Examinations everywhere Nov. 12; thousands of appointments coming; common education sufficient; influence unnecessary. Write for list of examinations; preparation free. Franklin Institute Dept. B. 32, Rochester, N. Y.

FARMS WANTED.

I WANT information about a good grain or stock farm for sale. I know of over 1,000 buyers, willing to pay your price. I can tell you how to find them. Write me about it and let's see if we can close up a deal. Address at once. Arthur Capper, Dept. 61, Topeka, Kan.

FOR SALE—FARMS

Fifty-Cow Dairy Farm
Cuts 150 Tons Hay
$15 Acres $8,800 Part Cash

This splendid Madison County, N. Y., farm with its rich fields, ample pasture and woodland, great, modern barns, commodious 2-story 25-room dwelling, overlooks a broad, fertile, beautiful valley and is only one mile from busy village and 2½ miles from railroad station, milk depot and agricultural school; 150 acres in fields cut 150 tons hay and produce excellent general crops; pasture for 50 cows; lots of hardwood and timber; 200

TOLEDO BLADE.

THURSDTY, SEPTEMBER 8, 1910.

Largest and Best Weekly Published and Largest Circulation.

TOLEDO BLADE CO.....Publishers
ROBINSON LOCKE.....Editor

THE BLADE is a weekly newspaper for intelligent American citizens. It aims to cover each week all news topics of real interest to all wide-awake and thinking men. Its editorial page is one of the strongest and most thoughtful in the United States. Its special departments are carefully edited, and the whole paper is intended for the home of the free American people.

TERMS—POSTAGE PAID.

Single copy, weekly, one year, $1.00; six months, 60 cents; three months, 30 cents. Write for club terms.

SPECIMEN COPIES sent, postpaid, free to any address. Send for one, and at the same time give us the address of a dozen or so of your friends. Address

THE BLADE, Toledo, Ohio

Entered at the postoffice at Toledo as second-class mail matter.

The Weekly Blade has over a million readers a week.

Good Reading

Newspaper advertisements make good reading. Without them the newspaper is incomplete. Blade advertisements are interesting. Their value to our patrons lies in the opportunities they present. It is not a waste of time to learn what is doing—what the advertiser has to say to the purchasing public. His message puts the reader in touch with the commercial world. The cost of mailing a letter will put Blade patrons in direct communication with the man who has something worth while to offer.

Very few married people quarrel at their golden wedding.

A man will buy medicine for almost anything but a case of laziness.

Notwithstanding all the world loves a lover love letters make poor reading.

Every man has a grievance, but some men never get drunk enough to talk about theirs.

William Jennings Bryan refuses to be a candidate for President. He needs a rest.

Feeling that he rules by divine right the kaiser doesn't have to worry about losing his job.

Mr. Bryan wants to know what the Roosevelt policies are. Doesn't he read the papers?

This country has had very few vice presidents who could be accused of talking to much.

What is needed for writing love letters is an ink that will fade twenty-four hours after using.

The Sherman presidential boom, started in Missouri, cannot be classified among the speed maniacs.

Attention is called to the fact that Mr. Roosevelt used the word "we" in one of his recent addresses.

When a man begins to feel that he can't sleep in any bed but his own it is a sign that he is getting old.

Science says that the human race will never be saved till kissing is abolished. Why can't it be regulated?

Rich women are Collector Loeb's special prey. He doesn't find diamond necklaces sewed in the hats of the poor.

Speaking of love's young dream, a man and a woman were married recently after a courtship lasting sixty years.

It is a question which is the greater bore, the fellow who boasts of what he has or the one with the hard luck story.

King Alfonso's wife won't let him ride in a flying machine, but he does a lot of fool things when she isn't looking.

Texas, anxious to bring more people into the state, purposes making her penitentiary one of the most attractive in the country.

A California man was arrested for trying a faith cure on his horse. That was going too far with the old good for man or beast theory.

Mr. Roosevelt refuses to talk about 1912. That is one of the questions that will do for discussion during the long winter evenings.

Thomas A. Edison says he has never been bothered by New Jersey mosquitoes. And everybody knows there are no flies on Thomas.

Baseball is another necessity of life that is costing the American people a lot of money. They are spending $20,000,000 a year on the game.

Millions of Chinese are to have their cues cut off. This ought to bring the cost of a head of dark hair within the reach of every American woman.

Fashion decrees that men must propose on their knees hereafter. But when skin-tight trousers come back the rule will have to be changed.

An Italian professor, who has just died, is said to have been the greatest authority in the world on love. This will surprise the young people, who thought Laura Jean Libbey was it.

"And now," said the congressman, "I wish to introduce to you the vice president of the United States, whom I regard as the next President." What a lot of false prophecies are committed in the name of courtesy.

Mr. Pinchot says: "It's better worth while to help the small man make a living than to help the big man make a profit." Mr. Roosevelt himself could not have said it any better than that.

Mrs. Lillian Hobart French's occult philosophy tells her that in the last analysis she will become Mrs. Fritz Augustus Heinze. In her case occult philosophy seems to answer the purpose of a sweetly solemn thought.

"Out in California some of the people have been fasting for six weeks, hoping that at the end of that time they will go to heaven." There are many people to whom the idea of going to heaven hungry would have no fascination.

TWENTY CENT COTTON.

Cotton, on the New York cotton exchange, went to 20 cents August 29th, the highest price it has touched since 1873, when it sold at a little over 21 cents a pound, following a price of 27⅝c of the year before. In 1904, Sully, of New York, and Brown, of New Orleans, organized a bull campaign and drove the price up to 17¼c. At that time the floor of the New York exchange was a bedlam. The shouting, the crying, the gesticulations, the wild disorder of dress, were such realities as no Georgia negro camp meeting evangelist ever invented as descriptions of chaos. Men tore at one another and men screamed into one another's ears and when the closing bell had brought quiet there filed forth brokers and traders dishevelled and hysterical, many of whom could give no exact accounting of the transactions they had made.

When time had brought out the real facts of the condition of the cotton crop of 1904 and the state of the market it was learned that there was no just reason for the excitement. The boom was of traders' manufacture. It brought benefit, if any at all, only indirectly to the cotton grower and led to discussion of suppressing the exchanges as gambling houses. The 20-cent price was caused by the large numbers of dealers who found themselves in a position of having only three days in which to "cover their shorts" for August and lacking the necessary resources for delivery. It had, therefore, nothing to do with the law of supply and demand, only so far as the speculators were short on supply and were bound to demand by contract.

MILITARY CONSCRIPTION.

Paul Morton, returning from Europe, says that he had been impressed by the effect that enforced military service had had upon the Germans. It has, he declared, "taught discipline, both mental and physical. I believe it improves a man's citizenship and makes him more patriotic." He was inclined to believe that such service would be a desirable thing in this country.

The greatest constructive period which the United States ever experienced was that directly following the civil war. It was then that the railroads were laid across the continent, the Atlantic cables were placed, the great heart of the west of the plains and mountains settled, the last dread of Indians removed, the cities expanded and a score of governmental functions, from fluctuating currency values to a fixed revenue, put upon a basis of solidity. With all these enterprises and public works the men who had been soldiers were intimately concerned. Their resourcefulness had been trained, their daring had been developed wisely, their perseverance was unconquerable. Peace had gained by war.

The idea of conscription is repugnant to the greater part of the people of this country. It is made so partly by those visionaries who think they can aid the cause of universal peace by condemning soldiers and sailors as loafers and leeches. But, undoubtedly, some day the virtues of military service will be recognized and effort made to restore them to civilization should no war bring them back again. If military conscription is not resorted to for the purpose then it will be some substitute for it which will resemble it closely.

CLUES FROM NEW ENGLAND.

The normal Republican plurality in Vermont is, roughly speaking, 20,000. In 1906, the governorship was carried by about 15,000. Two years later, in the national election, Taft was given a plurality of 28,056, and Prouty, candidate for governor, received 29,654 more votes than did his Democratic opponent. In the election to be held in Vermont next week the interest for the country lies in the ability which the Democrats are to show in reducing the Republican plurality below the normal. It was remembered, at the contest in 1908, that Roosevelt had been given a plurality of 30,682 four years before and much was made of the fact by opponents of Taft that the plurality had been appreciably cut. The final results showed, however, that Vermont, for that time at least, had not proved a true barometer. But, as in the past, the politicians are looking toward the Green Mountains and, as in the past again, many predictions will be constructed upon the results of September 6.

Six days later Maine will hold her election, selecting the state officers and indicating the preference in the matter of congressional representatives. New Hampshire, next week, is to hold her first state primaries. Later in the month primaries will be held in Massachusetts. Connecticut and Rhode Island are shortly to have their state conventions.

New England may be expected to supply both a clue to the temper of the people as to partisan preference and give, as well, some sign of how largely the progressive Republican movement has gained upon stand-patism.

ROOSEVELT IN 1912.

Even though Theodore Roosevelt renews his declaration that he will not be a candidate for president again, many folks will not cease from troubling. We find the New York Sun, governed from the Morgan house, saying "it is incredible that there should now remain a single American citizen who does not see that Theodore Roosevelt has undertaken a campaign for the presidential nomination in 1912." The New York Evening Post, as drugged with hate as an East Indian fanatic, strings together all the vicious words of the English language to denounce that ambition. The Richmond Virginian talks about the "succession," and others sneer about "Injun giving" and "unspeakable disloyalty." The dread is in their hearts. They will not be convinced until the ex-president is dead and buried and held down with a 40-ton monument.

When the result of the election of 1904 was made known, Mr. Roosevelt issued the following formal statment:

"On the 4th of March next I shall have served three and a half years and these three and a half years constitute my first term. The wise custom which limits the president to two terms regards the substance and not the form, and under no circumstances will I be a candidate for or accept another term."

In December, 1907, he said, "I have not changed and shall not change that decision thus announced."

This would be assurance sufficient for any citizen save him who is blinded by dislike.

THE STANDPATTERS CONSISTENT.

The American Economist, organ of the standpat protectionists, has attacked the tariff commission created by congress upon the urgency of President Taft. It thus announces its position.

From Piecemeal Revision We Dissent.
From a Tariff Commission We Dissent.

The bite is less positive than the bark. The argument lends only weak support to the declaration of principles. It is found necessary to restate that poor old fiction that the Republican party was not pledged to a revision downward. Tariff making in "spots and chunks" is pronounced illogical, unfair and undesirable and one instance is cited where revision would be hurtful unless another revision were made. This is to assume that injury would be wrought in the few minutes between legislation upon a schedule and legislation upon one related to it. We are told that the tariff adjusts the inequality of heavy payrolls in competition with lower foreign payrolls and later on that it is "wasting time and money in trying to ascertain what cannot be ascertained," the reference being to labor costs abroad.

No great economic principle ever became a part of a governmental scheme without, in some small direction, its becoming abused. Protection has builded industries in this country upon a solid basis and lifted the standard of living above that of any other nation in the world. Yet the selfish have found means to take advantage of protection and this small group defends its selfishness with the most brazen effrontery. It does not want revision of the tariff upon scientific lines—for a very good reason for themselves. Their misstatements of facts will not go. Their political persuasions and coercions will not prevail.

MR. TAFT POINTS TO HIS WORK.

Mr. Taft's contribution to the campaign literature constitutes his first real exposition of the work so far accomplished under this administration. He has set forth his plans and policies before, but because of the circumstances under which he gave them they appeared in the light of defences. This time he says, simply and directly, "I have done these things." He leaves it for the country to judge whether the congressmen concerned in the legislation are entitled to re-election.

In less than two years the tariff has been revised and labor begun upon taking this, the greatest issue of our times, out of politics. The new railroad laws mark a tremendous advance in the wise regulation of the overgrown corporations. Arizona and New Mexico have been admitted to the union, closing one chapter in the construction of the nation. A postal savings bank, under discussion for a quarter of a century, has been authorized. A program has been mapped out tentatively for conserving the public resources. Congress has undertaken to stop the appalling loss of life in the coal mines. Progress has made toward getting an adequate and just employers' liability law upon the statute books.

Not even under the upheaving and dynamic Roosevelt was congress persuaded to do such work and so much of it. Mr. Taft does not boast, but he has the perfect right to do so. With a Republican congress in Washington again this administration in the two next years might eclipse, in point of labors carried to an end, the achievements of any other administration in a score of years.

RAILROADS AND PROSPERITY.

If the railroads carried banners they would inscribe across them today "Increased wages bring hard times; Increased freight rates will bring good times."

The country has experienced a mild—a very mild—industrial depression this summer. The fact has been seized upon by the transportation interests to aid their campaign to coerce the Interstate Commerce commission into granting permission to boost freights. They would try to convince everyone that production has little to do with prosperity, but that the transportation of production has everything to do with it. They argue that distribution at a low rate automatically changes good times into bad. Were it not that the railroads have a game to play in which everything available is seized as a pawn the "campaign of education," as it is called, would sound like silly self-conceit. We are It. If we are allowed to charge whatever the traffic will stand all will be well with the nation. If we are not so allowed the country is inevitably bound for the dogs.

There may be justice in the railroads claim for higher rates. But there is very, very little common sense in some of the pleas.

ACCOMPLICES.

A particularly vicious piece of political corruption is now under inquiry in the courts of Illinois. Not only is the original offense upon trial, but there is involved with it tampering with witnesses and attempt to influence veniremen. The latest phase of this affair is a barrier raised by certain corporations to the state getting at the truth. They have put themselves in the position of aiding the defendant in defeating justice.

The court is the harbor of refuge for the corporation in time of storm. It has leaped to the law every time it felt itself imposed upon, its rights curtailed or its property threatened. The injunction is the mainstay of the arrogant among the stock companies and delays and technicalities, possible under our court system, are the resources of the financial jugglers.

The situation in Illinois is this: The public service corporation which screeches for the help of the law when in trouble, now balks it when the law needs its help. Where the people might have given it credit for citizenship they are invited to look upon it as the accomplice of a political crook.

A VERSATILE PHILOSOPHER.

Professor William James had an extremely versatile mind. A student all his life he declined to follow the custom of most other students of sticking to his specialty. He developed a philosophy which could easily be followed in thought, appealing particularly to the optimistic instinct present in all Americans. But we remember to have seen an article from his pen in which he narrated amusing experiences of his in serving as an assistant for a lecturer. When the experiments wouldn't work of themselves the assistant cautiously carried them out with nimble fingers. He wrote upon anti-vivisection, and there were caustic truths in the writings which were scarcely warranted to win favor with either side of the controversy. He took an interest in psychic research—and it is because of his relations with the ghost hunters that Professor James has become most widely known.

It was he who found the famous Mrs. Piper and introduced her to the circle of investigators who had been trying to find if there was any basis of truth in spiritualism. He had been wary about talking officially upon the subject, though all along his name was connected sympathetically with those of Hodgson and Hyslop. About a year ago he wrote a magazine article setting forth his opinions upon the subject. He said, at the end, that he "did not know." In spite of all the years of inquiry, all the seances he had attended and the "testimony" he had read, he was not yet ready to say if he believed, or if he did not, that the dead can and do communicate with the living.

Hodgson, so it is declared by the Hyslop circle, has sent word from the great beyond. Now that James has "crossed over" will he, too, be heard from?

SMUGGLERS.

The cases of detected smuggling, particularly those since William Loeb took his trained conscience for honest public work to New York, would make it appear that this offense was habitual among wealthy Americans. They would make it appear, superficially, that the beneficiaries under high protection were constitutionally opposed to paying duties upon jewels and the gowns of their women folk.

This is one of those instances where the unusual is brought into prominence and the usual is never heard of. Of the thousands of Americans who travel in Europe every year only a fraction of one per cent make any attempt to "beat" their government. They make their declarations honestly and pay their duties if any are due, hasten from the wharf and the customs agents know them no more. The average believer in protection pays up with ostentatious cheerfulness. He thus subscribes to the doctrine in which he believes. The free-trader pays because he discovers joy in martyrdom.

Neither is it true, as it might seem, that the smugglers are invariably persons of wealth. The records show that among the offenders are those of small and average incomes. But, not being of national notoriety they do not command such space in the newspapers.

ROOSEVELTPHOBIA.

The journey of Theodore Roosevelt into the west is no less interesting in the aspects of the background than in those developed upon the changing scenes. While all the country beyond the Appalachians is greeting the ex-President, his ancient enemies of special interest are snarling in the east. While he preaches citizenshp they pronounce him "provoker of mobs," "implacably ambitious," "braggart" and "unscrupulous politician"—to quote only a few phases culled from the New York newspapers.

Let us see the kind of stuff that compels editors to open their vitriol bottles. In the speeches of Mr. Roosevelt, each covering so broad a field that they are very much alike, we find:

I believe in doing full justice to every corporation. It is entitled to its rights. It should be protected in its rights, but it is not entitled to vote and it is not entitled to own any public servant.

I will do everything in my power to take the corporation out of politics.

We want to break up the connection between crooked politics and crooked business. To do that we must insist upon not only getting justice, but on doing justice.

Do not trust men who will resort to any kind of blackmail.

This is the sort of thing which causes the special interest editors to run amuck through the streets with poisonous foam flying from their jowls.

POISONED BY FLIES.

A member of the board of health of Indiana was called to use meningitis serum upon the child of a farmer. He found conditions about the house deplorable. There appeared to be no knowledge of sanitary laws in the family whatsoever and over everything and about everything there swarmed thousands of flies. It was impossible to tell what the character of the food upon the table was, so thick were the flies upon it. In using the serum the doctor had to drive the flies from the back of the child and from his instruments.

"On the death certificate," he says, "the cause of the death of this child was doubtless given as 'gastro enteritis.' It would have been more in keeping with the facts to have said 'poisoned by flies.'"

The New York organization which has lead the campaign of education is seeking to have the word house-fly dropped and typhoid fly used in its place. In this way realization may come of the dangers of the fly, of its ability and its custom to spread disease. As an agent of death it is more terrible than wars, more destructive to human life than has been any explosive so far invented. The little Indiana girl, dying pitifully because the flies bore germs about upon their feet, might have lived had her parents but known the evil they tolerated.

MODERN LETTER WRITERS.

Complaint has been made of the degeneracy of correspondence, the absence of grace in it, the loss of felicitous expression, and want of courtesy. Letter-writing was once an art. Now it is more likely an industry whose aim it is to curtail production, a science wherein the thing said is put badly and bluntly as in the description of a natural history species.

Yet something of art may be detected in the love letters most recently given publicity by a fair complainant. They were short—the writer being a busy man. They were readable—mention being made to negotiable enclosures. They must certainly have been entertaining to the recipient—for even the public found them that. But the art of them really lay in what they did not say. They were above everything careful. There was very little taking of chances and the gins and pitfalls were so nicely maneuvered that the case will probably prove a hopeless one from the lawyer's point of view.

In a day when the written contract is almost as good as a surety bond and the files of a trust hold a senator strictly to his master, letter-writing cannot be of the untrammeled character it once was. It must be guarded. It must be as non-committal as the occasion will permit. To suit the purpose of some of our well-known citizens it could be improved if each letter had the power to destroy itself by spontaneous combustion.

BIRDS AND THE AEROPLANE.

Many persons have wondered what effect the aeroplanes would have on bird life. Would their deafening clangor frighten away those to whom the air has been dominion since the winged lizards spread their eighteen feet of feathers? Would the flying machines be mistaken for gigantic hawks, swooping and soaring for prey among the lesser habitants of the sky? Would the birds become bewildered and dash into the aeroplanes as they do into the lens of a lighthouse?

A chance was given to note the behavior of birds toward the biplane when Glenn Curtiss bore down upon Cedar Point. It was noted, as he approached closely, that he was attended by a flock of gulls. The birds did not seem the least frightened. They appeared rather to be intensely curious about this noisy vehicle that noticed them not and impudently kept swiftly upon its way as if there were no such things as screaming gulls.

It may be that the song-birds, the ducks and geese, the herons and cranes, may feel altogether differently about the flying machine. They are not as bold as gulls and have, through generations, developed a terror of man and his weapons. An aeroplane bearing down upon a migrating flock of Canada geese, for example, would, nine chances in ten, rout it and scatter it.

"Emperor Wilhelm says that God placed the crown of Prussia on his head." But the responsibility of keeping it on straight belongs to Wilhelm.

Animals and Weather

ALREADY there are predictions that the next winter will be long and colder than usual. These assertions are not guesses based on the law of averages which might lead one to look for a severe winter after a hot, dry summer. They are deductions from what many persons consider the superior wisdom of beasts and birds.

It is claimed that woodchucks are going into winter quarters already, in the northern part of New York state. The muskrats are reported to have unusualy thick fur. Birds of several well known species are said to be moving southward weeks ahead of time. Other like "signs" are flinding their way into print.

Probably this sort of thing will go on for generations. Men and women seem never to tire of such efforts to read the riddle of the coming seasons. Trust in animals as weather propjhets is not shaken by ridicule heaped upon it by the experts of the weather bureau and other scientific authorities.

There is just enough mystery about such so-called signs of the weather, far ahead, to make them impressive and fascinating to many persons. They have more vogue than they would if there were any explanation of such animal forecasts on common sense grounds.

Yet the notion that irds and beasts can be affected, months in advance, by the peculiarities which the next winter will develop, is hopelessly illogical. It will not stand the test of facts known to all careful observers of nature.

If birds, by any marvel of sensitiveness to influences and forces utterly beyond human understanding or imagining, could foreshadow the weather, months in advance, they would not come north in the spring just in time to run into days or weeks of bitter winter. The proof is overwhelming that they follow the weather rather than anticipate it.

If February is remarkably warm and fine, thousands of song birds of the spring greet the coming of March, no matter how cold it may prove. They perish of hunger and severe weather which they might certainly foresee if they had a tenth part of the mysterious and far-reaching powers with which they are credited.

But the beasts and the birds never display any knowledge of the weather far ahead, when the ability to do so is a matter of life or death for them, or when it at least implies the difference between suffering and comfort. They come north on false signs of an early spring. They do not flee to the warmer parts of the country before the winter rushes back with fierce storms and intense cold.

How can it be imagined that these facts could be otherwise? One week's weather may be thousands of miles distant the week before. It may come as a traveler from remote parts of the earth. It is not incubated, four times out of five, near the place where it is experienced.

It is this migratory nature of storms and "spells" of weather which mocks the hopes of those who think to gain light upon the seasons months in advance by studying the ways of animals and the equipment which they are given for meeting the demands of their environment and its climatic conditions. The weather is not a product of the localities where its coming changes are thought to be foreshadowed by the thickness of the breast-bone of a goose or the plumage of ducks. Can any blizzard destined to come down out of the Canadian northwest in January affect animals in Ohio in August? It is beyond scientific thoght.

If the sun shines on the second day of February, what has that to do with tempeature in March? How can it be imagined that a hibernating woodchuck is able to foreknow six weeks of weather by what may he may see on the second day of February instead of the first or third?

It is all too grotesque for an age of cold reason and exact science. The wide and strong belief in animals as weather prophets is out of touch with the real spirit of the times. It is a survival from a more credulous period.

Part of the Game.

London Tit-Bits.

Subaltern—"What on earth are you fellows doing? There hasn't been a hit signalled for the last half hour."

Private—"I think we must 'ave shot the marker, sir!"

SUNDAY SCHOOL

ARE MEN INTERESTED IN RELIGION?

International Sunday School Lesson for Sept. 11, "The King's Marriage Feast." Matt. 22:1-14.

By WILLIAM T. ELLIS.

Churchmen bewail, with good reason, the indifference of the masses to religion. Yet one walks through Hyde Park, London, that great, popular forum, and he finds that religion is the subject which engrosses the interest of the greatest number of hearers at the numerous outdoor meetings. We see many churches depleted of men; yet thousands of men attend laymen's conventions, and many more thousands discuss with interest the latest public questions that arise with a religious aspect. The religious problem novel, if there is one on the market with a glimmer of vitality and freshness in it, is the most widely read book of the month. One is tempted to conclude that the popular indifference is to the common presentation of religion, rather than to religion itself.

On the other hand, we are today confronting Christ's parable of the neglected invitations to the king's marriage feast. There was no inadequacy in the presentation of that invitation. The king prepared a great feast (Christ loved to portray his kingdom as a feast, never as a famine) and made all things ready. On the day of the feast he sent messengers to notify the invited ones, as was the oriental custom. With a rudeness that would seem incredible, were it not so often paralleled, the guests ignored or made light of the invitation, and some even so showed their contempt for the king that they killed the messengers.

Under this picture Jesus portrayed the way in which the Jewish nation had treated its prophets and other messengers of Jehovah. The point of the parable is almost the same as of those studied last week: the rejection of their opportunity by the favored people, and the calling of others to take the place for which they had proved themselves unfit.

Missing the Train.

Trains run, no matter who miss them. God's plans work out, regardless of all who refuse to co-operate with them. The king's feast is held, throwing the first invited guests may be absent. "The wedding was filled with guests." This is an ominous message from the parable. We may ride in God's chariot, or be overridden by it: we surely cannot stop the chariot's progress. God will not be thwarted by man. He is never without another resort. When a man flouts God, it is the man who suffers most. He suffers punishment, doubtless; but for the present point it is enough to remark that he misses the feast, and the fellowship with divine company.

A small boy, in a sulk, refuses to go on a picnic with his mother. He somehow feels that she thereby takes out his bad temper on the one who loves him best. But it is he who misses the picnic. He has deprived himself of a pleasure and a memory, and added to his store of evil dispositions. There are many persons quite as foolish in their relations with God. They think that God, and not they, will suffer from their sins. By a strange human perversity, they would make the Lord responsible for their own neglect of the way which is right. But when God made man a free agent, he put upon him the responsibility for his own actions.

None the less it is true that the guest who slights the King's invitation does put an affront upon the king. We talk much about the human aspects of sin, but there is the divine side, wherein man's sin dishonors God. The offense of the wedding guests lay chiefly in their insult to the king: that is the point of the parable, rather than the loss which they themselves suffered. A king's invitations are a king's commands; disregard of them is disloyalty. The grief that sin causes the Lord is more serious than the pain it causes man. The effect of earth's sin upon heaven is little realized, so far short do we come of understanding the gracious Father heart of God.

The Comprehensive Invitation.

Usually kings do not repeat their invitations. Once is enough. The urgency and patience of the divine summons to mankind is one of the qualities which mark it as divine. We marvel at the long-suffering of wives with unworthy husbands, and of parents with reprobate sons; yet these only faintly mirror the forbearance of the heavenly Father. The way in which the invitation to the wedding feast was repeated and pressed upon the undeserving is a lesson to all Christians. The Good Shepherd seeks until he finds.

The gospel invitation must be given to all men, and in all ways. Christian ingenuity has only touched the outer fringe of the possibilities in the way of expressing religion's call to men. The church is herein neither so modern nor so inventive as the world. She has not learned how to press into the supreme opportunity and the supreme obligations in terms of today. Even the pulpit—the one department in which the church should surely excel—is not always so fresh and vigorous and alluring as the political platform. As for the use of the talking machine and the moving picture machine and the newspaper press and the poster, these are all fields that still lie ahead of the church.

Nor do the representatives of the gospel go, in any adequate sense, like the king's servants in the parable, to the partings of the highways, to proclaim the invitation to the multitudes on the highways. One traverses the crowded streets of a great city on Saturday night—which is the night when the great mass of common people fare forth in search of pleasure and new interests—without coming across a single evidence that there is a gospel which yearns for the attention and allegiance of mankind, that it may give to them the fullness of joy and satisfaction. Did it never occur to a Christian Endeavor society or to a Brotherhood or to a Young Men's Christian association, to undertake to see that every young person who goes abroad on Saturday night shall have some intimation of the glorious truth that both God and men care for his soul? Why not a Christian moving picture display on the most available vacant lot or street corner? Or a corner to sound the musical message of invitation? Or a beautiful invitation card? This lesson would not have been studied in vain if it should result in a single school's resolution to make sure that every person in its neighborhood receives an individual invitation of some sort before next Sunday to the great King's feast. "All things are ready." Today is the fullness of time.

Marring the Function.

Strange stories have lately come from Japan of American tourists admitted to the emperor's garden party who have gone unsuitably clad, and have behaved without ceremony and without ordinary politeness. The indignation of even the courteous Japanese at this has not been concealed. The unpleasant news recalls the close of the parable spoken by Jesus concerning the king's wedding feast, from which a guest was cast forth for not wearing a wedding garment.

All who accept a royal invitation must do so upon the king's terms. Nobody is received at the Court of St. James except clad in the conventional court dress. God wants all men to come to him, but he will have them only upon his own terms. We cannot accept the divine proffers in our own time and way. God must be God, and his sovereignty must be held in regard.

The guest without a wedding garment was cast out because he, like the men who had spurned the first invitation, had flouted the honor and majesty of the king. Be it remembered by all who would press the parable closely that it was customary for the host to provide the wedding garment. It was not poverty that kept the guest from arraying himself suitably. God has made all provisions for those who accept his invitations: The robe of his righteousness must be assumed instead of the filthy rags of self-righteousness. We cannot come before the King clad in our own merits, only they who have been arrayed in the new robe which God provides are prepared to share in the marriage supper of the Lamb.

Renewal.

Comrade of the whispering planets,
Mother of the leaves and rain,
Make me joyous as the birds are,
Let me be thy child again.

Show me all the troops of heaven
Tethered in a sphere of dew—
All the dear familiar marvels,
Old, child-hearted singers knew.

Let me laugh with children's laughter,
Breathe with herb and blade and tree,
Learn again forgotten lessons
Of thy grave simplicity.

Take me back to dream and vision
From the prison house of pain,
Back to fellowship with wonder;
Mother take me home again.
—Charles G. D. Roberts.

A Prayer.

Teach me, Father, how to go
Softly as the grasses grow;
Hush my soul to meet the shock
Of the wild world as a rock;
But my spirit, propt with power,
Make as simple as a flower;
Let the dry heart fill its cup,
Like a poppy looking up;
Let Life lightly wear her crown,
Like the poppy looking down,
When its heart is filled with dew,
And its life begins anew.

Teach me, Father, how to be
Kind and patient as a tree;
Joyfully the crickets croon
Under shady oak at noon;
Beetle, on his mission bent,
Tarries in that cooling tent;
Let me, also, cheer a spot,
Hidden field or garden grot—
Place where passing souls can rest
On the way and be their best.
—Edwin Markham.

Half the World Never Counted

IN this year of census-taking it is striking proof of the vastness of the tasks yet to be grappled with by the forces of civilization that nearly half of the people in the world live where census enumerators never come and the number of inhabitants of cities and districts and countries is never known.

For many hundreds of millions of men and women there is no such thing as a careful, complete count of their neighbors and their fellow-countrymen. There is no continent in which a real census covers that entire division of the earth.

The extent of this governmental ignorance of the strength of nations in that vital element, the number of their subjects, is much greater than the average American would guess. Few intelligent residents of this country would estimate the fraction of the world which is never counted at nearly one-half.

But to begin with, the Chinese Empire has no real census in modern times, if ever. No Chinese official would risk a day's pay on his ability to state the actual number of Chinese subjects, within a margin of 10,000,000. He would be merely a fortunate guesser if he proved to be within 25,000,000, supposing that an accurate count of the Chinese people put his estimate to the proof.

Other countries in Asia which go uncounted, from one decade to the next and are never available for accurate statistics of population, are Persia, Afghanistan, Beluchistan, Turkey, Arabia, Siam, Cambodia and Tonkin. If the population of the Chinese Empire is 400,000,000, as most authorities estimate it, there are about 460,000,000 Asiatics who never answer.

Africa, next to Asia, has the largest number of inhabitants who are never counted. In the big, dark continent the conditions in respect to population are so vague and so little known that only the loosest estimates are available for the great majority of the inhabitants.

Egypt is carefully counted by its British masters, and the French take a real census in Algeria. There is a genuine enumeration in British South Africa, including the territory formerly constituting the two Boer republics. But there is no census and no accurate knowledge of the population in the vast regions which stretch across Africa, from east to west and from the Mediterranean almost to the northern end of the continent.

There is no census in the Congo state, none in the Sahara. No government counts the Soudan, except where England rules in the name of the Khedive of Egypt. The Portugese possessions in East Africa are left uncounted, like the same country's share of the west coast. The extensive and populous British protectorates in East Africa are never troubled by census-takers. Even the Germans do not undertake to count their subjects in any part of the continent.

Three states in Africa remain independent—Abyssinia, much the strongest, Morocco and Liberia. The geographers and statisticians only guess at all of them, in respect to population, and their estimates vary widely. Altogether, there may be 100,000,000 people in Africa who are entirely outside of the scope of the census-taking, this year or at any other time.

South America follows Asia and Africa in respect to the number of its inhabitants who are never counted by census-takers. There are no really authentic or complete statistics of the population in countries such as Colombia, Venezuela, Peru, Bolivia, Ecuador, Paraguay and even Brazil. Uruguay, small and compact as it is, affords no dependble vital statistics, and Chile is uncertain and vague. The Argentine census is the real thing.

So it is a fact that in South America not less than 5,000,000 to 40,000,000 people live where there is no careful and complete census taken, at any time. No authority claims exact or certain information about vast regions in the less accessible parts of the continent.

North America fails to come within range of census-taking in Central America, Hayti, Santo Domingo and parts of Mexico. Panama, on the border between the two continents, is uncertain of its population.

Europe is more closely and carefully counted than any other continent, unless Australia is reckoned such a division of the earth, but in European Turkey there is no census. The population of Constantinople is only guessed at, and estimates differ widely.

In Australia there is a complete census every decade, except as to a few thousand aborigines. But in other parts of Oceanica, to use the old term, there is great uncertainty as to the number of inhabitants.

Taking the world as a whole, there are probably 610,000,000 or perhaps 620,000,000 persons never touched by census-taking of any kind. They are not half of the people in the world, but they do not fall far short of that proportion.

Negro's Malady Incurable.

Paris Cablegram to New York Tribune.

A remarkable fraud has just been worked on the Institut Pasteur by a negro hailing from eastern Africa. Alleging that he was suffering from the terrible malady of sleeping sickness, or beri-beri, the negro was admitted to the hospital to undergo treatment. His symptoms were diagnosed as perpetual hunger, coupled with profound drowsiness. The doctors at the hospital, believing the man's case to be a genuine one, took him in hand and lavished every conceivable attention on him, the negro being regarded as one of the most interesting patients in the institution. A fortnight was spent by the self-styled victim of sleeping sickness in alternate sleeping and eating, and since his symptoms took no change for the worse the doctors began to pride themselves that they were working a cure.

Eventually the negro's utter incapability to make any kind of physical effort aroused their suspicions, and without more ado he was discharged. Some days afterward the negro returned to the Institut Pasteur to thank the principal for the latter's kindness to him. It was then that the doctors realized that the negro's complaint was "incurable."

In the Art Store.

Louisville Courier-Journal.

"I see you keep drawing materials."

"Yes, sir."

"What have you got in the way of a good cider spigot?"

Varieties

Turkish is the softest toned of modern languages.

Onions are more nourishing than any other vegetable.

Japanese children are taught to write with both hands.

Japan has sixty-six cities, 1,327 towns and 13,957 villages.

Noiseless paper for theater programs is a German novelty.

A single swallow will devour six thousand flies in a day.

Yawning is caused by a deficiency in the air supply to the lungs.

Thomas A. Edison is the patentee of over six hundred inventions.

There are nearly 2,000,000 horses in the Australian Commonwealth.

Fish, flies and caterpillars may be frozen solid and still retain life.

New York city is a liberal employer. It pays $132 a minute to its servants.

There are seventy miles of tunnels and passages in the Rock of Gibraltar.

The wild pampas of Patagonia produce wool and hides worth millions.

When terrified an ostrich will travel at the rate of twenty-five miles an hour.

A horse belonging to a Bangor (Eng.) butcher has died at the age of forty-one.

A favorite drink in the South Sea Islands is made of a mixture of limes and oranges.

New York city likes peanuts. Its people consume $4,500 worth of them every day.

A thunderstorm in hot weather travels at the average rate of thirty miles an hour.

A steel horseshoe can hold in suspension a weight up to twenty times its own.

Despite the prevailing notion to the contrary, corn is superior to oats for horse feed.

Acetylene torches for use in cases of dense fog have been supplied to the police stations of Paris.

Tokio, the capital of Japan, covers thirty square miles and has 250,000 houses and two million people.

It has been estimated that the rats of this country alone cost us about $100,000,000 per year.

The women of Russia and the men of Japan are the most expert needle-workers in the world.

Cases in the medical books show that somnambulists have walked as far as fifteen miles in their sleep.

Japan has an aeronautical commission, which is making a tour of the world to study the subject.

Marriages of minors are much more frequent in mining and manufacturing than in agricultural districts.

Sir William Ramsay recently exhibited a pair of scales which will weigh a seven thousand millionth of an ounce.

The most expensive publication, with the least income, in New York city is the city record, which costs $1,175,000 a year.

Manchuria is attracting emigrants from all parts of the world because of the great trade oportunities said to exist there.

The interior of a germ-proof dining car is absolutely devoid of decoration which could offer a lodging place for a speck of dust.

Natives of a number of South Pacific islands make fish hooks of mother of pearl, so bright that no bait of other lure is necessary.

A spirit thermometer will become sluggish at 50 degrees below zero, while a mercurial instrument will not register below 38 degrees.

It is estimated that there are more than 1,000 students in the world who are making a serious study of aeronautics.

Small farmers are encouraged in Egypt by government loans, for which 9 per cent is charged and collected by the tax gatherers.

An attachment for moving picture cameras that will permit them to be carried and used by an operator on horseback has been perfected.

Bucharest is a city of 300,000 people, covering a great territory. But on its traction lines there run only 138 horse cars and 10 electric cars.

German and Swiss manufacturers control the large watch and clock import trade of Russia, together selling about $2,300,000 worth a year.

Besides Great Britain, the countries which have old-age pensions are Denmark, France, Belgium, Germany, New Zealand and Australia.

In most of the civilized countries of the world, except Ireland, Italy and Bulgaria, the death rate is lower among females than among males.

A pail with a washboard sliding in grooves in one side is a recent invention for the benefit of persons who have small amounts of laundering to do.

Last year nearly 200,000 tons of fish were delivered to Billingsgate Market, of which over 125,000 tons arrived by land and the remainder by water.

A New York inventor has brought out an advertising clock that utilizes a phonograph to attract the attention of passersby to a series of cards which are rotated.

Chile has contracted with a London firm for a war vessel of 32,000 tons, to be armed with the heaviest gun in existence. The cost will be, according to dispatches, $15,000,000.

A wrought-iron electro-magnet, having a core of one square inch area, can be made to carry 150 pounds, the lifting power of larger ones being in the same proportion.

Pineapples are being exported from Hawaii in great quantities. The juice of the fruit is now being put up in bottles and shipped all over the world. It makes a delicious beverage.

The Chinese do not want watches in nickel cases. They prefer silver cases to gun metal or imitation gold. A large trade is done in imported silver watches costing $4 to $5.

The principle of the spring tape measure has been utilized by a Massachusetts inventor of a coiled wire attachment for electric lights to permit them to be carried about a room.

An attachment for phonographs by which a violin may be connected with the record and made to produce notes that are almost perfect has been invented by a Wisconsin man.

Ten thousand people are employed at the Kosaka mine, in Japan, producing copper, gold, silver and other minerals. The yearly output is worth $2,800,000, of which one-half is copper.

An Italian soldier has invented light metal attachments by which a sledge ambulance can be made in a few minutes from a

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CHOLERA GOING; PLAGUE COMING

Russia Gradually Freeing Herself From Ravages of One Disease.

St. Petersburg, Sept. 4.—Since the outbreak of the epidemic this year 133,601 cases of cholera, with 64,405 deaths in Russia have been officially reported.

The scourge, however, is lessening. Returns to the sanitary bureau for the week ending August 27 show a total of 12,510 new cases, with 6,375 deaths. This is a marked falling off in the number of victims from the week preceding. Only in Voronezh has there been a notable increase. The figures there are 801 deaths, against 363 the week before.

The movement of the plague on Siberia is indicated. The natural decline in the basin of the Donetz river continues, but the local governors under the presidency of Prof. Rein, the head of the special sanitary commission in southern Russia, have decided not to relax the precautionary measures for another month.

Physicians brought to the scene to combat the cholera will offer general medical aid of which the population is in sore need. It is planned to increase the number of resident physicians to four in each district with a corresponding augmentation of the disinfection corps with its moving bacteriological laboratories. An appeal for public aid on behalf of the tens of thousands of orphans in the stricken territory will be made.

Cases in St. Petersburg.

In St. Petersburg today there were forty-three new cases, twenty-four deaths and 643 suspected cases in the hospitals. The local figures for the present week are 427 new cases and 166 deaths against 435 new cases and 178 deaths last week. The level is being maintained pretty well here despite expectations of a more rapid decline.

The municipal sanitary authorities have been awakened to the danger of the importation of the bubonic plague here from Odessa. Leading medical authorities express their conviction that the plague will reach the city in the near future. A rat killing campaign with the use of traps and poison has been begun by an army of 200,000 persons especially assigned to the work. A premium of five copecks or a little more than three cents in American money is offered for every rat destroyed.

In Odessa so far there have been seventy-six cases of the plague with eighteen deaths. Twenty-one persons have been discharged from the hospitals while thirty-seven still remain there under observation. There has not been a single case of pulmonary plague, the mortality from which is almost 100 per cent. The Odessa municipality has decided to float a loan of $250,000 which will be used to combat the epidemic.

RELIEF FOR HAY FEVER AND ASTHMA SUFFERERS.

The Himalya Co., of 319 Howard st., Detroit, Mich., will send a free trial case by mail, of its valuable remedy, "Himalya," for Hay Fever and Asthma, to any reader of The Toledo Blade who will write to the above address. Himalya can be purchased from all druggists; if not in stock, it can be had through their jobber or wholesaler. Hundreds of former sufferers in all walks of life, including ministers of the gospel, doctors, business men, mechanics and farmers who used Himalya have sent us their testimony as to the merits of this wonderful remedy in relieving and curing Hay Fever and Asthma. According to their own statements, many distressing and long standing cases have been permanently cured. Copies of these testimonials will be sent on application, giving names and full addresses of writers, in order that you may verify to the fullest extent the truth of their testimony. The free sample case will cost you nothing, and you should surely try it, if you have the misfortune to be in need of such a remedy.

KILLS BANDIT WITH ROCK

Engineer of Western Train Slays Robber Who Attempts Holdup.

Colorado Springs, Col., Sept. 2.—In a desperate attempt to hold up westbound Colorado Midland train No. 3, 4 miles west of Divide early this morning, an unknown bandit was instantly killed by a rock thrown by Engineer Frank Stewart after he had shot the engineer in the leg.

Sterling and Charles Martin, two young men who were found near the scene of the hold-up, are held for investigation as to their complicity in the robbery. Sterling Martin was slightly wounded in the head by a bullet.

The highwayman crawled over the tender as the train slowed up at a siding to meet the eastbound train. As he stopped the train Stewart turned to see his former fireman, Paul Bachman, standing with his hands above his head and heard the robber say:

"Put up your hands, or I'll blow your head off."

Forces Men Off Engine.

The robber then forced both men to leave the engine and marched them before him to the express car.

"When we got to the express car," said Stewart, "my fireman dashed under the car and crawled to the other side. The robber leaned under the car to shoot at him and when he took his eyes off me I struck him with a rock I had picked up as I jumped off the tender. As I did so he whirled and shot at me, the bullet striking me in the leg. I guess my blow finished him for he never moved after the rock hit him."

Shortly after the hold-up, Sheriff Von Puhl and a posse scoured the country near the scene of the attempted hold-up and discovered the Martin brothers hiding in the brush. Sterling Martin was dazed by a bullet wound in the head. He is out on parole from the state reformatory. The Martins claim they were riding the blind baggage and were beating their way to Grand Junction.

SILENT NO LONGER, HE PRAISES TAFT

Roosevelt Makes His First Expression Concerning This Administration.

Sioux City, Ia., Sept. 3.—Col. Roosevelt, in the presence of Senator Dolliver and Representative Hubbard, of Iowa, today made his first public utterance regarding the administration of President Taft.

He endorsed the president's suggestions for a tariff commission and complimented him upon his negotiations with foreign countries to bring about tariff agreements.

It was made known that this commendation of the President was purposely given within "insurgent" territory and that both Senator Dolliver and Mr. Hubbard knew in advance what Col. Roosevelt was to say and approved it, although they were not consulted by the colonel about his reference to themselves. The colonel's private car was moved on a siding into Mizzou park here, where a large assemblage was in waiting to hear him.

The colonel's speech in part was as folows:

"I was particularly pleased with what the president said in his last letter on the subject of the tariff commission. A number of senators and congressmen have for some years advocated this as the proper method of dealing with the tariff and I am glad that the country seems now to have definitely awakened to the idea that a tariff commission offers the only solution of the problem which is both rational and insures the absence of jobbery. The president, from the beginning advocated this commission. I call your attention that the amendment proposing to provide for such a commission in the original bill when the tariff bill was under consideration in the senate was introduced by your own senator here present—Senator Dolliver.

"It was a characteristic act of service to the people on the senator's part and I wish to take this opportunity of saying that throughout my term as president on every important question it was my privilege to stand shoulder to shoulder with Senator Dolliver. Let me add, my friends, that what I have said of Senator Dolliver I can also say of your congressman, Mr. Hubbard.

"There is another feature of the tariff law which is admirable and points our course in the right direction, the maximum and minimum provision. And here again I wish to point out that the value of the provision has depended largely upon excellent work done by the administration in the negotiations with foreign powers for its application, especially the negotiations with the Dominion of Canada, which were the most difficult of all."

Colonel Roosevelt read with interest today the statement issued yesterday by William Barnes, Jr., of Albany, criticising him for his western speeches, which, Mr. Barnes said, "have startled all thoughtful men and impressed them with the danger which lies in his political ascendancy."

"I think there is something perfectly delicious," said the Colonel, "in the idea of Mr. Barnes flying to the defense of the supreme court and righteousness."

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IN OPEN BOAT 5 DAYS

Mauretania Finds Captain of Steamer West Point.

New York, Sept. 4.—The Cunard liner Mauretania today picked up the captain and several members of the crew of the steamer Westpoint, which caught fire at sea and foundered.

The men had been in an open boat on the sea for nearly five days. They had suffered untold hardships and were nearly dead from hunger and exposure when picked up.

Sixteen members of the crew of the British vessel had been rescued by the steamer Devonian, from Liverpool.

Following the finding of the 16 men by the Devonian, a consistent search of the sea was undertaken. The wireless flashed to every port where news night have been heard of the lost men. Today's find by the Mauretania ends the search.

Sailed from Glasgow.

The Westpoint, Captain Pinkham in command, sailed from Glasgow for Charleston on August 18. The ship registered 4,812 tons gross and 3,074 tons net. She was built at Newcastle-on-Tyne in 1899, was 376 feet long, 50 feet beam and 27 feet depth of hold. She hailed from Liverpool, her owners being the Norfolk & North American Shipping Co., Limited, of that city.

A steamer of the size of the Westpoint generally carries from 30 to 40 officers and men.

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MARRY WEALTH AND BEAUTY Marriage Directory FREE. Pay when married. New plan. Box 314, R. B., Kansas City, Mo.

WANTED SOLDIERS' HOMESTEADS Union Soldiers who homesteaded some land, but less than 160 acres before June 23, 1874, are entitled to additional rights even though entry was relinquished or abandoned. If soldier is dead, widow or heirs have his rights.

I Pay Spot Cash for These Claims. Address (Comrade) W. E. MOSES, 433 Jacobson Bldg., Denver, Colo.

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LOOK—You that work for your bread. I have a great thing for you; $5 a day easy. I mean business and will convince you if you will write me, enclosing 6c in stamps. Address Israel C. Dickinson, Laceyville, Pa. R. F. D. No. 35.

WOULD YOU MARRY IF SUITED?—Matrimonial paper containing hundreds advertisements marriageable people from all sections, rich, poor, young, old, Protestants, Catholics, mailed sealed free. D. G. Gunnels, Toledo, Ohio.

$100 Monthly and expenses to trustworthy men and women to travel and distribute samples; big manufacturer. Steady work. S. Scheffer, Treas., W-G 174, Chicago.

AN interesting astrological reading containing advice on business, health, love, marriage, friends, enemies, changes, etc., sent for 10 cts. and birthdate. Harrison J. Avers, 331 4th st., Toledo, O.

YOUR fortune told from the cradle to the grave for 25 cents. Sample reading for a dime. Give birthdate, state if single or married. O. B. Johnston, Harrisville, W. Va.

A SECRET FOR WOMEN will be found in our catalog for rubber and toilet necessities. Send 2-cent stamp. Fairbank Supply House, A. N. Wabash, Chicago.

LADIES, when delayed or irregular use Triumph Pills, always dependable. "Relief" and particulars free. Write National Medical Institute, Milwaukee, Wis.

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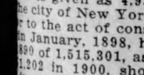

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NEW YORK 4,766,883

New York Census Figures Show Growth of 38.7 Per Cent From 3,437,202.

POPULATION FIGURES

New York	4,766,883
London (1909)	7,429,740
Paris (1906)	2,763,393
Tokyo (1908)	2,085,160
Berlin (1906)	2,040,148
Australia (1908)	4,275,000
Ireland (1909)	4,153,409
Denmark (1908)	2,659,000
Greece (1908)	2,632,000
Norway (1908)	2,350,786

Washington, Sept. 2.—Greater New York has a population of 4,766,883 under the thirteenth decennial census, according to figures issued last night by Director of the Census Durand.

This makes New York the second largest city in the world, and as large as any two foreign cities excepting London.

Since 1900 the population of the Metropolis has increased by 1,329,681, or 38.7 per cent, as compared with 37,202 under the last census.

The borough of the Bronx showed the greatest increase in the greater city, Queens, Brooklyn, Richmond and Manhattan following next in order. The figures for these boroughs, together with the increases, are:

How They Increased.

Bronx, 430,980, an increase of 230,-or 114.9 per cent.

Queens, 284,041, an increase of 131,-or 85.6 per cent.

Brooklyn, 1,634,351, an increase of 469,168, or 40.1 per cent.

Richmond, 85,969, an increase of 19,-448, or 28.3 per cent.

Manhattan, 2,331,542, an increase of 469,-449, or 26 per cent.

New York city contains only 164,-fewer people than the combined cities of more than 200,000, the population of Detroit. Buffalo, Cincinnati, Cleveland, Milwaukee, Washington, Indianapolis, Jersey City, Kansas City, Providence, St. Paul and Denver. The aggregate population of the cities named is given as 4,931,532.

The city of New York, as constituted prior to the act of consolidation effective January, 1898, had a population of 1,850,093 in 1890, of 1,515,301, as compared with 3,437,202 in 1900, showing an apparent increase of 1,921,901, or 126.8 per cent for the greater city.

TO BOOST PHONE TAX

Commission Will Add Millions to Valuations.

Columbus, Sept. 3.—The Ohio state tax commission has announced its intention of more than doubling the tax valuation of telephone companies throughout the state. In the opinion of the commission the valuation put on these corporations in the past has been "criminally low." Millions of dollars are to be added to the tax duplicate at one stroke.

The commission in several instances obtained information as to the true value of these properties through the sales of the concerns to the J. P. Morgan interests, which attracted so much attention last winter. The Toledo Home Telephone Co., one of the companies to be hardest hit by the property increase, will have to pay taxes this year on property valued at more than one million dollars, instead of on the $420,435 valuation of 1909.

Other big increases include Columbus Citizens' Telephone company, $424,947 to $1,000,000; Dayton Home Telephone Co., $199,947 to $500,000; Franklin county Home Telephone Co., $67,600 to $75,000; Hamilton Home Telephone Co., $63,000 to $70,000; Central District Co., of Pittsburg, $368,668 to $700,000; Central Union Telephone Co., $3,677,000 to $5,000,000, and the Cincinnati and Suburban Bell Co., $2,041,750 to $4,000,000.

An instance of the inequality of the old method of valuing this property is shown by the commission, when it says one company with a $268,000 plant was placed on the duplicate for $60,000, while another concern with a $100,000 plant was put on for only $7,000 less.

GILDED YOUTHS ROUGHING IT

Spend Thirty Days in Mountain Wilds, Hunting.

Omaha, Sept. 4.—Twenty-two young men, all sons of New York, Boston and Philadelphia millionaires, heirs to enough wealth to pay off the national debt, arrived in Omaha Saturday afternoon, having come from the Big Horn Mountains and the wilds of Wyoming, where they spent their vacations.

Out in the wilderness they were piloted for 30 days by Charles Moore, a frontiersman of Washitie, Wyo., who is the great bear hunter of the state. The gilded striplings have put in the summer roughing it. They left last night in a special car

In getting big game they were not fortunate. They shot a number of deer and elk, but failed to secure a bear or a mountain lion.

STRICTER WHITE SLAVE LAWS

Methodists Want Special Legislative Session to Pass Them.

Cincinnati, Sept. 4.—Resolutions were passed here yesterday afternoon by the Cincinnati Methodist Episcopal church conference calling upon Gov. Judson Harmon to summon a special session of the Ohio legislature to pass stricter laws governing the white slave traffic.

At this meeting an address was delivered by J. Paul Daley, of Chicago, in which he stated that Ohio's laws on pandering are weak. He showed the ministers that in Chicago the vigilance committee there has had put through the legislature measures which provide heavy penal sentences for those found guilty.

That society has also revised the methods in the Chicago slums to make it a penal offense to hold a girl habitue if she does not want to remain there.

MUST CONSERVE SOIL

Eberhart Tells Congress of Loss in Farm Values.

St. Paul, Minn., Sept. 5.—With every prospect of a warm fight for control between "state's rights" delegates and those favoring national control the second National Conservation Congress opened here today.

The crowd began arriving early at the auditorium to get a glimpse of President Taft, who was on the program for an address, the preparation of which is said to have occupied many hours of careful consideration at Beverly.

Before the convention was called to order by President B. N. Baker, delegates gathered in little knots discussing reports of packed delegations made by one side or the other, and commenting on Gifford Pinchot's move last night in forming a national commission for the purpose of systematizing the work of state commissions and bringing them into harmony with the national congress.

Soil First Consideration.

During the address Governor A. O. Eberhart said.

"By far the most important of natural resources is the soil and the maintenance and increase of its fertility must, therefore, be given the greatest consideration.

"The loss in farm values in nearly all of the states, as shown by the census records from 1880 to 1900, varies from $1,000,000 to $160,000,000 in each state and aggregates the enormous total of more than $1,000,000,000. Is not this sufficient to arouse the entire nation and cause such a wave of reform as will put into activity every agency and instrumentality for scientific and progressive methods of agricultural reconstruction."

Colonel Roosevelt, who is in Fargo, N. D., today, will come to St. Paul tomorrow to address the Conservation Congress. He will arrive in Minneapolis.

CARNEGIE LETS OTHERS HUNT

Friends Use His Scottish Preserves While He Golfs.

Edinburgh, Scotland, Sept. 4.—Andrew Carnegie has a party at his Sutherlandshire castle of Skibo. He is not a shot himself but his guests keep the moors in good trim. The other day Mr. Carnegie paid a visit to local fishing villages. He yachts on the Dornoch Firth when not casting a fly on the river or playing golf on his private course at Skibo.

All over the highlands the sporting spirit is keen. The best moors were eagerly competed for, American and continental competition enhancing the values. One of the French sportsmen, Achille Fould, has secured the forest of Coign-a-Fearn of 40,000 acres in Invernesshire from the highland chieftain, the Mackintosh. Old and young are on the moors together, gun in hand. One sportsman is 74 years old and for 45 years in succession has shot over a certain moor on the opening day of the season.

Women are much in evidence at luncheon on the moors and many are also seen carrying guns. One of the sportswomen is the Marchioness of Graham, who with the marquis, have had good success near Brodick castle in Arran.

HE'S TOO BASHFUL TO MARRY

Can't Stand Idea of Having License Made Public.

Washington, Sept. 4.—Bashfulness today caused William H. Bullock, Jr., 21, of Wilmington, Del., to forego entering the realms of wedlock.

Young Mr. Bullock came to the national capital in company with Miss Nellie C. McLean, also of Wilmington, with the deliberate intention of getting married and not telling their home folks and friends, but an unkind marriage license clerk of the court put an end to the secrecy and incidentally to the marriage.

The clerk had filled out the application blank when Mr. Bullock said he did not want the record to be made public. Clerk Belew stated the law required the giving out of the names of persons procuring licenses to wed. The young man got scarlet, white and then pink, and said he guessed he did not want to get married.

TOPS BILLION AND HALF

U. S. Imports Break All Records.

Washington, Sept. 3.—Uncle Sam's import trade, under the Payne-Aldrich tariff law during the past year was a record breaker, according to the government's statistical experts.

Under this law during the 12 months ending July 31 last, imports aggregating $1,562,600,000 came in the United States. Of this vast total $794,000,000 was listed as dutiable, while $768,000,000 entered free of duty.

Although it was the first year of the Payne-Aldrich law, it eclipsed all former records under the Dingley, Wilson and McKinley laws. Until the Payne-Aldrich law became effective August 1, 1909, the banner year of the previous eighteen years had been 1907, when under the Dingley act an aggregate of $1,456,500,000 of imports was recorded.

Customs receipts during the past year amounted to $327,900,000 which was more than 17,000,000 dollars in excess of the previous year under the Dingley act.

The customs receipts during each of the eighteen years preceding 1910 showed a much less encouraging record, except in 1904 and 1907, when the customs receipts exceeded last year's total. During the past year March showed larger customs receipts than any other month during that period, with a total of $33,700,000.

CARRIES HOD, IS 88 YEARS OLD

Woman Climbs Ladder With Bricks as She Builds Cottage.

Paris, Sept. 4.—Mme. Marie Delbard is a remarkable woman, 88 years old, who lives at Nantes, and who, since the age of 18 has never known a day's rest.

She is at present occupied in building a cottage out of her savings and can be seen daily going up and down ladders carrying bricks and mortar or giving directions to the bricklayers.

Her vitality is that of a woman of 20, and she is indignant when anyone suggests to her that she ought to stop work at her age.

"I hate laziness," she decalres, "and since I have never known what it is to rest, it is rather late to change one's habits."

When her son begged her to give up climbing ladders she said: "I should be ill and die before my time if I had to spend my days in an armchair."

Mme. Delbard has a touch of gout, but otherwise she is in excellent health.

HOBBLE SKIRT MAY BE FATAL

Girl Falls and Now Has Concussion of Brain.

New York, Sept. 3.—Suffering with concussion of the brain as a result of a fall while wearing a hobble skirt, Marion Stone, a girl in her 'teens, is in a critical condition today in the Lincoln hospital.

Miss Stone, who is a member of a theatrical company giving performances in a far uptown theatre, stumbled while descending a flight of stairs leading from her dressing room in the theatre late last night. She fell nearly the entire length of the staircase, striking on her head at the landing below. Her recovery is doubtful.

DRYEST SUMMER ON RECORD

Rainfall Only 4.03 Inches in Northern Part of Ohio.

Cleveland, Sept. 3.—A bulletin issued last night by the local weather bureau says that the months of June, July and August have been the dryest, so far as northern Ohio is concerned, since the beginning of government observation 40 years ago. The precipitation in the three months was only 4.03 inches. The dryest previous summer was 24 years ago when 5.01 inches of rain fell.

HUNGARIAN COMMUNITY PLAN

Will Work 160,000 Acres in Texas on Colony Plan.

Galveston, Sept. 4.—The first Hungarian colony to be operated on the community plan in this country is to be establishel in the coast country of east Texas on land just equipped by a syndicate of eastern capital for the Hungarians.

There are three tracts of good uncultivated land embracing about 160,-000 acres in Harris, Chambers and Liberty counties, and it is proposed to raise fruit and vegetables and have a large portion of the land under cultivation by early spring. Orders have been given for the construction of several large houses to be used as community homes, with accommodations fro from 10 to 20 families each, each.

Hungarians will be brought over from their native land to settle here, but the first installment of settlers will be taken from New York, Chicago and some of the congested cities where the Federation of Hungarian Farmers is campaigning with a view of bettering the conditions of their countrymen. No outside labor will be employed and enough skilled mechanics will be enrolled in the colony to care for the needs of the settlement in this respect.

The profits and losses will be shared alike and the earnings, after all expenses are paid, will be divided among the families contributing to the labor of the colony. Fruit growing will be made a specialty and experimenting with several new grains and vegetables will be tried on land set aside for this purpose. Representatives of the Hungarians have thoroughly studied out the plan and their investigations of the soil and climate extend over a period of several months.

GIRL WALKS 15 MILES ASLEEP

Clad in Nightgown, Journeys From Greenville to Sharno.

Sharon, Pa., August 31.—Clad only in a nightgown, Mrs. Walter Mansell, 22, walked from Greenville to Sharon, Sunday night, 15 miles. She arrived at the home of her mother-in-law yesterday morning in an exhausted condition.

It is believed that she left Greenville while in a somnambulistic state.

"NO FRILLS"

Just Sensible Food Cured Him.

Sometimes a good, healthy commercial traveler suffers from poorly selected food and is lucky if he learns that Grape-Nuts food will put him right.

A Cincinnati traveler says: "About a year ago my stomach got in a bad way. I had a headache most of the time and suffered misery. For several months I ran down until I lost about 70 pounds in weight and finally had to give up a good position and go home. Any food that I might use seemed to nauseate me.

"My wife, hardly knowing what to do, one day brought home a package of Grape-Nuts food and coaxed me to try it. I told her it was no use but finally to humor her I tried a little and they just struck my taste. It was the first food that I had eaten in nearly a year that did not cause any suffering.

"Well, to make a long story short, I began to improve and stuck to Grape-Nuts. I went up from 135 pounds in December to 194 pounds the following October.

"My brain is clear, blood all right and appetite too much for any man's pocketbook. In fact, I am thoroughly made over and owe it all to Grape-Nuts. I talk so much about what Grape-Nuts will do that some of the men on the road have nicknamed me 'Grape-Nuts,' but I stand today a healthy, rosy-cheeked man—a pretty good example of what the right kind of food will do.

"You can publish this if you want to. It is a true statement without any frills."

Read the little book, "The Road to Wellville, in pkgs. "There's a Reason."

Ever read the above letter? A new one appears from time to time. They are genuine, true, and full of human interest.

DOG CHAMPION BEER DRINKER

Three Bottles Go Down Sport's Neck in Quick Order.

Newark, N. J., Sept. 3.—The alcoholic record for New Jersey dogs is held by Sport, a fox terrier belonging to William Jones, driver of a Newark brewery wagon. Sport guzzled three bottles in a Montclair saloon. Two bottles had been the canine record.

Sport makes the rounds on the wagon. He was born in a brewery and raised on beer. Quite a crowd stood by yesterday and saw Jones pour a bottle of beer into a growler and give it to Sport. Two other bottles followed in quick succession, and after absorbing them Sport jumped blithely to the wagon seat, not in the least tipsy.

Jones is willing to back his pet against any beer-drinking dog in the world, no brand of dog or beer barred.

TRAINS SONS TO AVENGE

Widow of Galveston Flood Victim Seeks Daughter.

Chicago, Sept. 3.—Mrs. Eloise Darrow, widow of a Galveston flood victim, is training her two sons, John, 11 years old, and George, 13 years old; to avenge the charged abduction of their 14-year-old sister, Dorothy, by Dr. G. Gordon Martin, dentist, whom she believes is in Chicago.

Mrs. Darrow, who arrived in Chicago yesterday, told her story to the police. She says Martin is under indictment in Galveston.

FLIES 6 MILES IN FAST TIME

Aviator Goes Around Boston Course in 7:7 3-5.

Atlantic City, Mass., Sept. 3.—Under ideal conditions and perfect aviation weather, the Boston-Harvard aero meet of 10 days was opened today with a list of events which were participated in by some of the best known aviators in this country and Europe.

Claude Grahame-White, of England who has announced his intentions of going after every prize with the exception of the one in the slow lap contest, made the first flight of the day. It was an unofficial one in which Grahame-White circled the field three times at a height of about 100 feet. The distance was six miles and his time was announced as 7 minutes, 7 3-5 seconds.

OHIO GIRL IS COURT FIGURE

Duchess of Manchester is High in English Society.

London, Sept. 4.—An American who probably will be seen often at court is the Duchess of Manchester, daughter of Eugene Zimmerman, of Cincinnati. She is busily engaged these days making changes in the Grosvenor square residence the duke inherited from his mother.

Several of the looking glass doors that were a feature of the house have been removed and one suite of rooms on the third floor has been converted into a nursery. It will be used by the children when it is inconvenient to have them in the country, for the duchess is a firm believer in country air.

It is whispered that the young duchess was much disappointed because she did not receive the beautiful set of old tiles which were a gift from King Edward to the dowager duchess. They were willed to Lady Lister-Kaye. The tiles were arranged artistically in one of the reception halls of the Grosvenor square house and formed an odd and interesting decoration.

WILL ABSENCE HELP THIS?

Judge Decrees Man Shall Not Speak to Wife for a Month.

Poughkeepsie, Pa., Sept. 3.—To test his theory that divorces should not be granted where there is a chance for a reconciliation, Justice Morschauser, in the supreme court in Poughkeepsie, issued an injunction enjoining James Turner from speaking to or visiting his wife for one month.

The Turners live at Pawling and are well off. She is suing for separation on the ground of cruelty. Turner is building a bungalow in which to live while obeying the injunction. Friends are wondering whether it will be a case of "absence makes the heart grow fonder," or "out of sight out of mind."

TWO ARE QUIETLY LYNCHED

Negro and Negress, Killed Sheriff, Found Hanging on Trestle.

Graceville, Fla., Sept. 3.—Dangling from a trestle just outside the town, this morning, were found the bodies of Ed. Christian, a negro, charged with shooting Deputy Sheriff Allen Burns, and Hattie Bowman, a negress, who had been arrested on the charge of being implicated in the crime.

Women Agents Wanted To Sell Ladies' Tailoring

You can easily earn $5.00 a day in your spare time without interfering with your regular work.

We want one wide-awake woman in every community to represent us. We are wholesale tailors for women, and our lines include the latest styles, with an immense variety of fabrics. Every garment is made-tailored to measure and guaranteed to fit.

THE WORK IS EASY. No experience is needed. No investment is necessary to take orders for our tailoring. We guarantee a fit. We ship on approval. The lines are attractive, the prices are low, and orders are very easy to get. It's a new and wonderful business. Write us today. Let us make you a beautiful suit as a sample at an inside wholesale price.

This is a remarkable opportunity for a permanent money-making business, and you must act quickly. Write us today.

KEOUGH & CO. Wholesale Ladies' Tailors 231 Jackson Blvd. (30) CHICAGO, ILL.

MRS. ROCKEFELLER IS ILL

Condition of Wife of Magnate, Physicians Say, Is Not Critical.

Cleveland, Sept. 4.—The condition of Mrs. John D. Rockefeller, who several days ago contracted a severe cold, causing a partial return of the illness which for a year has made it impossible for her to make any exertion, today is reported as unchanged. Dr. H. F. Biggar, Sr., the family physician, says Mrs. Rockefeller's condition is not critical.

Mr. Rockefeller blames the shock of the discovery of a plot to kidnap him last year for his wife's condition. Mrs. Rockefeller has not been well since Frank Smith, of Alliance, O., last summer disclosed to James Stamberger, marshal of East Cleveland, and to Mr. Rockefeller, a plot to kidnap the oil magnate.

Mrs. Rockefeller learned of the disclosure and since has been nervous almost constantly. She has not left the grounds at Forest Hill this summer.

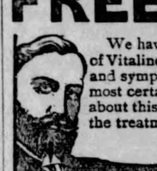
AGENTS

HERE'S THE BIGGEST SNAP YET! DON'T PASS IT!

You can easily sell our Silks, Dress Goods, Shawls, Waists, Dress Skirts, Battenberg, Petticoats, Underwear, etc., at half merchants' prices. Your credit is good. Free sample outfit—no deposit. Biggest commissions. Exclusive territory. Write today for big free catalog No. 210 and samples. SCHWARTZ IMPORTING CO., St. Louis, Mo.

WW YORK WILL BUY FREE DOLLAR BOTTLE VITALINE

YOU PAY NOTHING FOR IT



We have proven our scientific formula of Vitaline is the sure cure for the diseases and symptoms mentioned below—it's the most certain of all and there is no doubt about this. Vitaline tablets are just the treatment so many are looking for, what they should have and must have to be made strong, vigorous and healthy. It makes no difference how weak you are nor how long you have had your trouble, Vitaline tablets will easily overcome it—they will not fail nor disappoint you.

FILL COUPON BELOW

by writing your name and address. Send just 10c in stamps or coin to get the bottle packed and pay postage. This is all you have to do to get a $1 bottle of Vitaline Tablets free. We give you the $1 bottle without cost or obligation to prove what a wonderful remedy Vitaline Tablets are. We know when you have taken them you'll say with a glad heart that you have at last found the right medicine.

Vitaline tablets act on the vital organs that generate vitality and create the nerve force which makes one feel strong, vigorous and healthy, equal to all the duties and pleasures of robust strength and health. They give you vigor and vitality every day and restore you so fast and completely you never know there was anything the matter.

Vitaline tablets are guaranteed by us under the U. S. Pure Food and Drugs Law by Guarantee No. 3877. You never had anything like them, combining their wonderful curing and strengthening powers.

We send you our illustrated book, "Vitality." You have never seen one like it. Our testimonials from people cured after ten to forty years of doctoring

HOUSEHOLD AND YOUNG FOLKS

ELIZABETH AYRES, EDITOR

A RECENT RAIN

BY ELIZABETH

THE other day it rained.

Probably you think there was nothing unusual about that, but there was. For some time before the day it rained, nothing had been doing in the line of weather except hot air and humidity in large quantities. August had been delivering its worst, and the city was thoroughly "he't up," on both sides and in the middle.

The night before the day it rained real rain, there was a gentle little downfall of wet water, that lasted almost five minutes, but it was only a tantalizer that made you thirst for more.

Well, it was a sign o' promise, and the next morning dawned with lowering skies and heavy, damp air. There were thunder mutters from somewhere away off in the west, and the city noise sounded with the distinctness, with which noises always sound in the calm preceding a storm. The thunder mutters did not amount to much, and the lightning was chained fast in the heavens, but beyond a question, the clouds were full to their tops with rain, which would presently spill over.

Although it was the hour when the business of the day was swinging into action, there were not so many people in the down town streets as usual. Only those who must be out were out. They went hurrying along to reach shelter, before the storm that seemed brewing reached its consumation. There was no sun, but there was much humidity and before the rain came, you thought you could smell it.

Those who live where, if they have a garden, it must be kept indoors, set their plants out on the sidewalk, or balcony, or window ledge, or any place they could put them where they would get rained on all over. Presently and quietly, the rain fell. There was no wind or bluster about it. It just fell in straight lines from the clouds, gently and softly. It was such a well-behaved summer rain, that it made you wish you were a plant so you could be set out in it.

This recent rain did not rain very long. There was enough to settle the dust, wash away some of the soot and grime, and to wet down the plants, set outside for moisture. Then it stopped, though leaving the atmosphere feeling very showery and still humid. The plants looked bright and refreshed. There was that much to be thankful for, but you hoped there was more rain back in the fruit country where rain would do the most good in helping the fruit to swell and ripen.

With this hope, you looked out at the pavements to see if any dry spots were showing. When dry spots appear on stone sidewalks immediately after a rain, they are a sign that the rain is over for the present.

No dry spots were showing.

The sky had not cleared, save in occasional places. City noises still sounded distinctly. Maybe, the best was not over. Maybe it would soon rain again. Anyway, you said: "Well, here's hoping."

THE COZY CORNER

OUR MOTTO

Here we meet for:
Health, happiness and
Good cheer.

SHE WAS INTERESTED

I was interested in an account given recently, of an aid society. I have been a member of an Evangelical Aid society for a number of years. We meet once a month, each member paying 10 cents a meal. In summer we meet in the afternoon. In winter we have a dinner at some private house. We have a good basement in our church. It is furnished with chairs, tables, dishes and an oil stove, and we can have entertainments there if we like. We keep up the expenses of our church and very often have money in the treasury to use in many ways. We once had a minister who said: "That blessed Aid society. It is the means of keeping the church as a whole."

We have a very worthy president, who keeps everything in good working order. As this is my first attempt, I bid you good-by. —E. Chase, Michigan.

ABOUT FLOWERS

The cultivation of flowers may be engaged in successfully by any one who has garden space, can plant flower seeds and is the owner, or can borrow a few garden tools, such as a spading fork or a spade, a hoe, and perhaps, a rake.

The labor may all be performed by women and children, from spading the ground to making bouquets of the flowers, to beautify our own homes, and also those of our neighbors, who are ill or those who are in trouble.

Nasturtiums and sweet peas must be planted in the early springtime; as early as St. Patrick's day or Good Friday. My nasturtiums are of the Giant and Dwarf varieties. The Giants are climbers. I have counted seven varieties and "then some." My sweet peas have been pure white with an occasional red and pink one. My geraniums are of the scarlet and pink flower variety. I hung them in the cellar last winter, without any soil around them and they have been blooming all summer. When I planted them in the spring they looked like sticks stuck in the ground. They soon began to leaf out though. They were presented to me by a friend, which was the reason I was so anxious to keep them.

My nasturium vines almost cover the wall of a woodshed and the sweet peas are planted in front of a brick wall. The family washing waves gracefully across the back yard each week. It does not interfere with my flowers though, as it crosses the yard diagonally.

I read in one of the letters in the Household department that some one signing her name "Country Girl of Illinois" is having trouble with the cultivation of sweet peas and other flowers. If this letter is published, I will then write and explain just how to cultivate nasturtiums and sweet peas, or at least as far as I have a knowledge of their cultivation.—Fifty-Five, Ohio.

USEFUL HINTS

Dear Ladies of the Cozy Corner:—This morning I was reading some very useful hints and I thought I would send them along. I am hoping they will help somebody, for I think they are worth knowing.

To preserve brooms:—Dip them for a minute or two in a kettle of boiling suds once a week, and they will last much longer. This makes them tough and pliable. Carpets wear much longer when swept with a broom cared for in this manner.

To keep milk sweet:—Put into a panful, a spoonful of grated horseradish. It will keep sweet for days.

To take spots from wash goods:—Rub them with the yolk of egg before washing.

To set colors in washable goods:—Soak them previous to washing, in a water which is allowed a tablespoonful of oxgall to a gallon of water. Dry the goods before giving it the real tubbing.

To remove ink, wine or fruit stains from the hands:—Saturate well in tomato juice.

To keep out mosquitoes:—If a bottle of pennyroyal is left uncorked in a room at night, not a mosquito will be found there in the morning.

To scour knives easily:—Mix a small quantity of baking soda with your brick dust and see if your knives do not polish better.

To clean iron sinks:—Rub them well with a cloth wet with kerosene oil.

If these hints help, maybe I will bring more some time.—Aunta Banta, Michigan.

A GRANGE PICNIC

As we have been asked for picnic letters, I will send one, hoping it will fill the bill. Put on your old grey bonnet with a blue ribbon on it, while I hitch old Dobbin to the shay, and I will take you to the Grange picnic, or rather I will give you a pen picture of it.

The day was a beautiful one, which of course is one of the important features of a picnic. It was a little cool in the morning, but it gradually grew warmer. The small fry and I donned our brand new "calikers," while my better half hooked up the horses, put their feed in the wagon and our lunch basket, then we all piled in and away we went. We reached the woods in short order. Driving up the road, all shady and with the fresh, woody smell filling the air, we were just wondering how much farther it was, when we rounded a bend in the road and there before us were the beautiful grounds with the long white tables, the ice cream, peanut, popcorn and candy stands; the speaker's stand, gayly decorated with bunting, goldenrod and cattails, and better than all the happy crowd of people all beaming good will and good cheer on everyone.

The next thing came the laying of the tables and the opening of the baskets, which yielded up their abundance of good things, that are never lacking at a good, old, country picnic among the good old country folk. The speaker came; the people were called to dinner, and the minister, who, by the way, my husband said was a wise man and knew the fitness of things as he did not keep us waiting, said a short blessing and everybody proceeded to fill up. After dinner there was a short but delightful program and a good speech by the speaker. The last thing was the ball game. After witnessing that and cheering every good play, regardless of the nine, we bought the last half pound of candy and came home.—McHigan.

SHE LIKES US

It is Friday morning and I am trying to do most of my Saturday's work. I have just received the dear, old Blade, and after reading some of the letters and good things in it, I just stopped in the midst of it all to write and tell you this is my first year for taking the Blade, and I do not think I can ever do it again. I find so many good things in the Morning Thoughts, and such a help to me in my everyday Christian life.

I am one of the many who has had sorrows that have been hard to bear, but I have found comfort in taking all my sorrow to my dear, heavenly Father. As I have never seen any letter from Newark, Ohio, I shall be glad to see this in print. If I do, I may come again and tell you about my family.

God bless the dear, old Blade and its many readers.—Mrs. I. Hickey.

THE WAY SHE COOKS.

Dear Cozy Corner Friends—I have been reading the dear old Blade with much pleasure, and while I am resting I wish to tell you something and ask how many of the sisters use the fireless cooker? I do all my cooking in one and it is just fine. I don't think it could be surpassed. I would dislike to be without it this hot weather. I cook as much as seven pounds of beef at one time and it is as hot when I take it out of cooker as it was when I put it in. I have beans and potatoes in the cooker right now.

Well, I have not had my dinner, and I just now found it out. It is nearly two o'clock. I will open the fireless cooker and spread the contents on the table and tap the conk. See, in five minutes dinner is ready to sit down to and eat.

Sister Lou, of West Virginia, come and dine with me, you would be pleased with your meal. Good bye for this time.—Busy Dee, Pennsylvania.

Dear Friends:—I am yours for health, happiness and good cheer; yours for the sunny side of life.

I believe that every cloud has a silver lining; every way-side flower a beautiful meaning; every warbling bird a note in the harmony of nature, and that every smile, every laugh, every caress, are but the vibrations of the heart-strings well in tune.

I believe that the world was made for us all; its lofty mountains, its beautiful valleys, its forests, its flowers, its sparkling brooks, its birds, its harvests and its sunshine are for us. We need but look to see, but seek to find.

I believe in that sunny, whole-souled smile, the kind that always has a welcome, the kind that drives away sadness, weariness and frowns, and lightens up the soul, even as the last, lingering, golden sunbeams lighten the earth.

I believe in today. It is mine. So was yesterday, but, I lived yesterday that I might be greater and better today. Yesterday's worries and regrets I have cast to the four winds. They are lessons that I have learned, or not learned, therefore I am done with them. They came and are gone. New conditions confront me. I must take them up. Surely I do not wish to recall yesterday, even, if I could, and tomorrow! A veil is drawn over it, perhaps, mercifully, but, I shall walk into that new day with a firm step; fully believing that I shall feel the caress of a friendly hand and hear the throbs of kindred hearts.

I believe in the fairy kingdom of childhood; its myths and imaginations; its songs, prayers and mother love, because of those days I can recall nothing which was not good and beautiful. I believe in the awakening of youth, its tender associations, its innocence, its roses and its love.

I would rather believe that all the world is good and beautiful, than to believe otherwise, I would rather look upon one tiny golden cloud, than turn and look upon a sky full of blackness; rather trust to the goodness of one's heart and fail, than to use force and succeed.

We all know that the world gives blow for blow and kiss for kiss. We need but take joy home, and make a place in our great hearts for her, and give her time to grow and cherish her. Then will she come and sing to us, when we are working in the furrow. Ay, it is a comely fashion to be glad. Joy is the grace we say to God. Here's hoping.—James Canfield, Ohio.

Sent on Approval. Send no Money. $2.00
WE WILL TRUST YOU TEN DAYS. HAIR SWITCH
Send a lock of your hair, and we will mail a 22-in. short stem fine human hair switch to match. If you find it a big bargain, remit $2 in ten days or sell 3 and get your switch free. Extra shades a little more. Inclose 5c postage. Free beauty book showing latest style of hair dressing—also big grade switches, pompadours, wigs etc. ANNA AVERE, DEPT. 335 19 QUINCY ST., CHICAGO.

Waffles and Waffles

We are much obliged to a back number of The Declineator for these waffle recipes. Cold weather will be abroad in the land again, one of these days, and it is then that waffles are especially good to eat. Paste these in your scrap book, if you do not care for them now. They will pass your way but this once.

Kentucky Sour-Cream Waffles—To one pint of thick sour cream allow two pints of flour, three eggs, three tablespoonfuls melted lard and butter, half and half, a teaspoonful of soda and a saltspoonful of salt. Separate the yolks from the whites of the eggs and beat each separately until very light. Add the soda to the sour cream, and beat until it stops "singing." Add the yolks of the eggs and flour to the cream, thin the batter quite thin with sweet milk, add the melted shortening and lastly fold in the whites. Bake quickly in hot irons.

Waffles Raised With Yeast—Mix a half-cupful of butter with one quart of flour. Add slowly a quart of hot milk, and when cooled to lukewarm a half yeast-cake, softened in a quarter of a cupful of lukewarm water. Beat well, then add two eggs, whites and yolks beaten separately but vigorously. Let this batter rise over night. In the morning beat well again, let rise an hour longer, then bake.

Rice Waffles—These rice waffles, which are specially popular served as a course at a luncheon with brown sugar or maple syrup, are not at all difficult to achieve. Add to one cupful of freshly-boiled rice, still hot, an ounce of butter and three eggs beaten to a froth. Add to two cupfuls sour milk or cream a teaspoonful each of salt and soda, then combine the two mixtures. Lastly, add flour to make a rather thick batter, turn into the well-greased and heated irons and bake.

Corn-Meal Waffles—Use the fine white water-ground corn-meal, not the yellow meal. Mix three tablespoonfuls of the corn-meal with a little cold milk, then add two cupfuls boiling water and cook half an hour in a double boiler. Add four tablespoonfuls of butter and a cupful of flour that has been sifted with a teaspoonful of salt. Stir in two egg-yolks beaten to a cream, a quarter cupful of milk and lastly the whites of four eggs beaten stiff. Bake in well-greased waffle-irons and serve with maple syrup.

From the Children.

Dear Boys and Girls—I am a reader of The Blade, and have read your letters till I thought I would like to tell you of the little town I live in. Otterville has a few more than 200 inhabitants, and some of them are quite old, from 80 to 88 years of age, and have lived here most of their lives. The people live what they call the simple life. They are healthy, but not wealthy. We have three churches, three stores, one blacksmith shop and one big stone school house that has a history from away back. We have school nine months in the year. We live seven miles from a railroad town. We do not have any saloons, or automobiles, aeroplanes. We live 10 miles from Piasa Chautauqua, where we can go and be entertained all day for 25 cents. I expect, when I get old, I shall be living here yet, and if any of you happen this way inquire for—Melissa McDow, Illinois.

Dear Little Folks—I am a little girl nine years old. I live in Fostoria, Ohio. I have no pets as most little girls have. I had a pet kitten once, but it ran away. I like to read better than anything else. I have a brother and sister. My brother's name is Lensard. My sister's name is Elizabeth. We have taken the Blade for two years. If this is not printed I shall try my luck again.—Audrey Mulvane, Ohio.

Dear Blade:—I want to join your happy band. I am a girl eight years old. I live in the country. I have for pets two cats and three kittens.

I have one sister, Pauline, and one brother, Clarence.

My papa takes The Blade and I love to read the Cozy Corner.

I weigh about 58 pounds. I am taking music lessons now.

I hope to see this in print; if so, I may write another. As this is my first letter I will sign my full name.—Celia J. Codner, New York.

Dear Blade:—I am a boy 12 years old. My papa takes The Blade. I enjoy reading the other children's letter. My papa owns a farm of 293½ acres. Papa has lots of cattle and horses. We have a pet colt and his name is Bobby, and we have another colt out in the pasture. I have to get him up in the barn and put the halter on his head, and his name is George. I have a little brother. He is seven years old.

I don't want to write too long a letter this time.

I will sign my name Ruby Earl Cane, Memphis, Missouri.

P. S.—I will watch and see if this is in print. I will write again.

Lays Down Rules of Matrimony

DR. ANNA H. SHAW.

MARRIAGE should imply mutual respect as well as mutual love.

Each of the contracting parties should be able to offer a health certificate.

The family income should be at least $25 a week.

No marriage should take place till at least a year after the first meeting.

Those are four of the rules which the Rev. Anna H. Shaw would have emphasized in the Course of Matrimony, which she firmly believes should be compulsory for every young man and woman in the country.

"Not only the women should know about housekeeping," says Mrs. Shaw. "The men should be taught not to be absolutely helpless. They should learn how to sweep and do the plain ordinary domestic duties. Their wives may be ill, and then they ought not to be wholly dependent on the servants.

"Furthermore, both boys and girls should be taught the care of children, and the simple, elementary principles of nursing. It is considered best, of course, to have professional services during long illnesses. But childish ailments come on so quickly, and many a child's life is saved by knowing what to do for it before the doctor gets there.

"Then there ought to be lessons for both sexes in marketing and the buying of all sorts of provisions. And the boys ought to be taught to take care of various kinds of heating apparatus—they can't be sure of always living in a flat with a janitor."

MERRY-GO-ROUNDS

Do all the good you can,
In all the ways you can,
To all the people you can.

Object of the M. G. R.: Mental, moral and social improvement.

Dear M. G. R.'s—While resting from a horseback ride, I'll try my hand at writing a few lines. I have been a silent, but admiring reader of The Blade and M. G. R. column, all of which are good. We have taken the paper for several years.

I am a 17-year-old girl, and have dark hair and complexion and blue eyes. I wear glasses. I live in southeastern Ohio, in Athens county. I wonder if any other M. G. R.'s live near here? I have lived in the country since I was 8 years old. I went to high school some, but do not expect to graduate.

I am like Ene of Toledo and others, as I love to play base ball. We high school girls played the Intermediate boys and beat them four scores.

My real hobby as Gottlieb Mohr says, is music. I love it. We have a piano on which I took lessons, or practiced rather. I took lessons in the Athens college till two years ago. Would have graduated this spring if I had kept on. I teach music now, though I go to the houses mostly, and I think I get enough horseback riding. I've had fourteen pupils this summer, altogether.

Muggins, your letter was fine. Come and see me. I'd like to chat. Cherokee Girl, come over and get cheered up. I'd like to help you.

We may have a Sunday School picnic soon, just four or five schools join. There would be a musical program with recitations and addresses. I am organist of the Sunday school and have been for about four years.

Well, this is too much already about myself, so I will close, my letter may find the waste basket anyway.—Vina D., of Ohio.

I live in old Western North Carolina, in Jackson county, among the hills and valleys, where the air is pleasant and pure, and where the springs come bubbling forth, inviting the weary traveler to quench his thirst.

I live in the district of Balsam Grove. We have a good school and a fine school building, our county is blooming with new school buildings, and I enjoy going to school.

I live five miles from the postoffice and about eleven miles from the railroad, near the town of Waynesville. A great many people go there from Florida, Georgia, and South Carolina to spend the summer for their health. They visit the Old Ball Mountain, and other beautiful high mountains which are noted for their beautiful scenery.

The hills of which I speak, are lovely, both to man and to the smaller animals. It is one of my favorite pleasures to go rambling in the woodlands; to see the squirrels leaping nimbly from branch to branch, and to hear the birds singing sweetly as they hop from bower to bower.

I love nature. I love the workings of nature. I love to see the waves of leaves glistening in the sunlight, but nothing is more lovely than to be on the mountain when the sun in all her glory begins to rise and throw her silvery beams over hilltops and mountains, enhancing their beauty. With best wishes to all.—Luther Phillips, Western Carolina.

Dear Friends:—As the majority of the members are writing descriptive letters, I will describe the part of West Virginia where I live.

Well, to begin with, the hills are so high, some of them are, that you almost have to lie down on your back to see the top of them.

We have our share of rocks both great and small, but on an average, the soil is very fertile. Where it is a good season plenty of everything is raised necessary to live on. When the hills are covered with fine corn and wheat fields, they are not so bad to look at. Of course we have some bottom land together with the hills. We have some fine wood land, also.

There is no large city near my home. There is a little village called Leopold about one mile from my home, but it is so small it could not be called a town. Country lassie, you and I do not live far apart. I wish you had signed your real name.

Why not all of us sign our real names? I am sure none of us are ashamed of them. While some of us may not have very pretty names, they are just as good as those that sound pretty.

I hope I will not be the only one that signs their real name. Best wishes to all.—Ida Richards, West Virginia.

Dear Blade—As my half-brother has been taking the Blade for many years, and is too timid to write, I thought I would write a letter descriptive of the place where I live. Johnson City is situated in Washington county, Tennessee, and has three railroads; the East Tennessee and Western North Carolina, the Southern and the Carolina, Clinchfield and Ohio, a new road running from Elkhorn, Kentucky, to the sea coast, at Spartanburg, South Carolina, three hundred miles. This town is the site of the National Soldier's Home, containing I am told about two thousand old soldiers who are survivors of the civil war.

The Soldier's Home is one of the prettiest places I ever saw, and is worth going hundreds of miles to see. The grounds and buildings are beautiful to behold, the land belonging to the government—comprising four hundred acres. On the grounds is a cemetery where the soldiers who die there are buried. The graves are laid off in circles, beginning in the center with the first grave. A good many have been buried there since the home was established.

There are a good many of the veterans of the Spanish war in the Home. My half-brother was in that war, on the Hospital Staff of the Fourth Tennessee Regiment, and went to Cuba.

This town is up to date in every way. It has street cars, electric lights, telephones all over town, and all the conveniences of a modern city. I enjoy city life much better than the country as everything is so much more convenient, and people can take care of their health so much better, not so much exposure as is the case in the country.

I am just seventeen years old, and was born and raised in West Virginia, and have traveled around a good deal in the last six months.—Essie May Bowrey, Tennessee.

GOLD WEDDING RING FREE
Send for 10 packages of our beautiful silk and gold embossed post cards to distribute at 10c each. Return us the $1 when collected and we will send you by return mail this very fine 14k gold filled heavy band ring, not the cheap kind. Address H.F. HOSS, 391 Household Bldg., Topeka, Kan.

THE BOY'S RIGHT

THE following extract is taken from an article written by Christine Terhune Herrick and published in the Woman's Home Companion for September. It is intended for boys, and relates to the boy's right in the home, but it may be applied with equal benefit to girls. The suggestions may not fit all cases, but there is one thing that fits all kinds and conditions of cases, and this one thing is a good home, where the boys and girls are happy, at home, and where they may feel at liberty to bring their friends. Forget to make of company a ceremonious occasion, or hard work. Give those who come to join your circle, "pot luck", if need be, and serve it with a welcome which will make everyone glad he came.

You women, it is largely up to you to make your home, no matter how humble, the most blessed place on earth to those who dwell within its shelter. Here is the extract.—Elizabeth.

Grant the boy the privilege of having his friends to meals as often as you can conveniently arrange for it. Perhaps you are among those fortunate ones who have a large family with a big table where the addition of an extra plate counts for little. If such is the case, your way is simple. Should there be several sons to plan for, consider a system of rotation that each may have his guests in a fair ratio. If your family is small so that it is desirable to have a little notice in advance, before adding another hearty boy's appetite to those you have reckoned for, fix on a certain time when your boy may ask a friend in to dinner or supper. Boys are delightfully uncritical creatures, bless their hearts! Give them a cordial welcome and plenty of food, and they will never miss frills of serving.

"Study other compensations for the abstinence from natural racketing you are obliged to demand from your boy while he is at home. Provide him chances to let off steam elsewhere, in places intended for just such relaxations. Send him out into the open on holidays and give him the means of pursuing any athletic sport which attracts him. Be sure that there is a good playground connected with the school he attends. Encourage him to work in the gymnasium.

All the compensation you offer the boy need not be limited to the possession of a pleasant room and the other privileges I have mentioned. Don't forget that when he displays the consideration demanded of him in a well-regulated family he is putting a restraint upon himself you can hardly understand, no matter how close your sympathy with him. Many comments have been made upon the wonderful self-control displayed by the child who submits without protest to a prohibition or grants prompt obedience to a command beyond his comprehension. Largely a matter of habit, possibly, but there is a great deal of thought going on inside that small head and, oftener than we imagine, we parents are being haled before a child's mental judgment seat and condemned unreservedly or with a recommendation to mercy."

News From Fairytown

THERE'S a race of fairies who do much mischief to human folks, putting sticks in their paths so they will fall down, causing the milk to sour and spreading mustard seed in the wheat and oats when they're growing. They moved to an island country in a sea far away, for these fairies are very much given to traveling about and indeed they can be made to move if you just know the right word to shout at them.

In this island they did all manner of annoying things and because they felt certain no one there would know how to banish them away they played new tricks they invented upon the spot. They made horses go lame by tying a bit of hair around the ankles where it wouldn't be seen. They made the road all slippery in spots and made it deep in dust at other places. They slipped bugs down the backs of dignified old people and sprinkled pepper around in the churches so that no one could listen to the sermon because of the awful sneezing that was going on. They were so bold, were these fairies, that they put mucilage in the crown of the very king himself and when, upon a great day, the king put the crown on his head it stuck there tight and he had to sleep with it upon his head that night, for the court barber was away upon a holiday trip to the country.

Now who do you suppose rid the island kingdom of these mischievous fairies? The last person in the world you would believe could do it.

This was a baby who had just turned his first year and was learning to walk and to say funny things which no one could understand except his mother, for mothers always understand just what the babies are saying, though, as you know, they talk all sorts of queer languages.

The baby had crawled down the steps of his home when no one was looking and, balancing himself like an old man, he went tottering along the path to the big road. The bad fairies happened to be in the path fixing sticks together so some one would trip over them and have a bad fall. When Baby saw them he threw up his hands and sat down hard at at the same instant. And then he said "Goo! Goo!"

The next second there wasn't a fairy in sight. And what is more wonderful they never were seen in the island again. For "Goo! Goo!" was the word they couldn't abide and when they heard it they had to flee hundreds of miles away.

STRANGE BIRD!

My two little nieces had a bird given to them and were very anxious to see it bathe. On seeing it get into the water for the first time the three-year-old child exclaimed: "Why, I declare! if it isn't getting right in the water with all its feathers on."—The Delineator.

FAREWELL POMPADOUR

That the pompadour has gone out of fashion is a matter of congratulation to all artists. They realize what a trying style of coiffure this was for young girls. The new style of softly waved, parted front hair, with either a coronet braid or coils of hair at the back is infinitely more becoming to a fresh young face.—Harper's Bazar.

POETS' CORNER

I'LL REMEMBER YOU, LOVE, IN MY PRAYERS

Author Unknown.

When the curtains of night are pinned
back by the stars,
And the beautiful moon leaps the
skies;
And the dewdrops of heaven are kissing the rose,
It is then that my memory flies,
As if on the wings of some beautiful
dove,
To haste with the message it bears;
To bring you a kiss of affection and
say,
"I'll remember you, love in my prayers."

CHORUS:

Go where you will, on land or on sea,
I'll share all your sorrows and cares;
And at night when I kneel by my bedside to pray,
I'll remember you, love, in my prayers.

I have loved you too fondly to ever
forget
The love you have spoken for me;
And the kiss of affection still warm on
my lips,
When you told me how true you
would be.
I know not if fortune be fickle or
friend,
Or if time on your memory wears;
But I know that I love you wherever
you roam,
And remember you, love, in my
prayers.

When heavenly angels are guarding
the good,
As God has ordained them to do;
In answer to prayers I have offered to
Him,
I am sure there is one watching you.
And may its sweet spirit be with you
through life,
To guide you up heaven's bright
stairs;
To meet with the one that has loved
you so true,
And remembered you, love, in her
prayers.

THREE LEAVES OF SHAMROCK

Author Unknown.

While leaving dear old Ireland,
In the merry month of June;
The birds were sweetly singing,
And all nature seemed in tune.
An Irish maid approached me,
With a sad tear in her eyes,
And as she said these words to me,
How bitterly did she cry:

"Kind sir, I ask a favor,
Oh grant it, may you please,
'Tisn't much I ask of you,
To set my heart at ease;
Take these to my brother, dear,
Who is far across the sea,
And don't forget to tell him, sir,
That these are sent from me."

CHORUS:

Three leaves of shamrock, the Irishman's shamrock,
From his own, darling sister,
The blessing, too, she gave,
Take these to my brother,
For I have no other,
These are the flowers from his dear old mother's grave.

"Tell him since he went away,
How bitter was our lot,
The landlord came one winter's day
And turned us from our cot.
Our trials are so many,
And friends so very few;
Oh, brother dear, you know how
mother
Sighed for you."

KATIE'S SECRET

Author Unknown.

The sunlight is beautiful, mother,
And sweetly the flowers bloom today,
And birds in the branches of hawthorn,
Are caroling ever so gay;
And down by the rock in the meadow,
The rill ripples by with a song,
And mother I, too, have been singing,
The merriest all the day long.

Last night I was weeping, dear mother,
When Willie came down by the gate,
And whispered, come out in the moonlight,
For I have something to say to you,
Kate.
Oh, mother, to him I am dearer,
Than all this wide world beside,
For he told me so out in the moonlight,
And he called me his darling, his bride.

So now I will gather the roses,
To twine in my long, braided hair,
And Willie will come in the evening,
And smile when he sees me so fair.
Then out in the moonlight we'll wander,
Way down by the old hawthorn tree,
Oh, mother, I wonder if any,
Was ever so happy as we!

VIVA L'AMERICA

(Author Unknown.)

Noble republic, happiest of lands,
Foremost of nations, Columbia stands;
Freedom's proud banner floats in the skies,
Where shouts of liberty daily arise,
"United we stand, divided we fall,"
Union forever, freedom to all.

Should ever traitor rise in the land
Curs'd be his homestead, withered his hand;
Shame be his memory, scorn be his lot;
Exile his heritage, his name a blot!
United we stand, divided we fall,
Granting a home and freedom to all.

To all her heroes justice and fame,
To all her foes a traitor's foul name!
Our "stars and stripes" still proudly shall wave,
Emblem of liberty, flag of the brave.
"United we stand, divided we fall."
Gladly we'll die at our country's call.

CHORUS.

Throughout the world our motto shall be
Viva l'America, home of the free!

WHEN I SAW SWEET NELLIE HO

(Author Unknown.)

In the sky the bright stars glittered,
On the grass the moonlight fell,
Hushed the sound of daylight's bust
Closed the pink-eyed pimpernell;
As down the moss-grown woodpath,
Where the cattle love to roam,
From Aunt Patty's quilting party
I was seeing Nellie home.

Jetty ringlets softly fluttered
O'er a brow as white as snow,
And cheek! the crimson sunset
Scarcely had a warmer glow;
Mid her parted lips' vermillion,
White teeth flashed like ocean foam
All I marked, with pulses throbbing,
While I saw sweet Nellie home.

When the autumn tinged the greenw
Turning all its leaves to gold,
In the lawn by alders shaded,
I, my love to Nellie told,
As we stood together gazing
On the star-bespangled dome,
How I blest the August evening
When I saw sweet Nellie home.

White hairs mingle with her tresses,
Furrows steal upon my brow,
But a love-smile cheers and blesses
Life's declining moments now,
Matron, in thy snow kerchief,
Closer to my bosom come,
Tell me dost thou still remember
When I saw sweet Nellie home?

COME TO ME

Author Unknown.

Come to me when shadows are fall
O'er the purple clad hills of the w
With the voice of the nightingale
ing,
When all nature is sinking to

Oh! come when the dewdrops are pr
ing
The moss covered banks of the
And bring with the twilight a bles
That will wake the sad heart wit
thrill.

Oh! come when the maples are crim
Now vies with the sunsetting ra
And the sweetum its beauties
folding,
That gleams in the soft autu
haze.

All nature is wrapped in bright spl
dor,
Each day her new beauties unf
Yet I sigh when I'm called to rem
ber,
Without you the half is untold.

The forest will soon lose her gra
eur,
The bronze swept away by
breeze;
And the bleak winds be wailing m
sadder,
Where zephyrs now rustle the le

Then come ere the wild winds
wailing,
And the pine tops are laden
snow;
While the good ships in fair winds
sailing,
Oh! come to depart never more.

THE GOSPEL RAILROAD

(Author Unknown.)

Life is like a mountain railroad,
With an engineer that's brave;
We must make the run successful
From the cradle to the grave;
Watch the curves, the fills, the tunne
Never falter, never quail;
Keep your hand upon the throttle
And your eye upon the rail.

CHORUS.

Blessed Savior, Thou wilt guide us
Till we reach the blissful shore,
Where the angels wait to join us
In Thy praise forevermore.

You will roll up grades of trial,
You will cross the bridge of strife;
See that Christ is your conductor
On this lightning train of life;
Always mindful of obstructions,
Do your duty, never quail,
Keep your hand upon the throttle
And your eye upon the rail.

You will always find obstructions;
Look for storms of wind and rain;
On a curve or fill or trestle
They will almost ditch your train;
Put your trust alone in Jesus;
Never falter, never fail;
Keep your hand upon the throttle
And your eye upon the rail.

As you roll across the trestle
Spanning Death's dark swelling tid
You behold the union depot,
Into which your train must glide;
There you'll meet the Superintendent,
God the Father, God the Son,
With the hearty, joyous plaudit:
"Weary pilgrim, welcome home!"

POEMS REQUESTED

The poem, "This, Too, Shall P
Away," by Ella Wheeler Wilcox,
wanted. Also a song for children,
titled, "Father Grumble."

The song, "I Dreamed That I
Grandpapa, and Grandpapa was
is inquired for.

Does any one know the poem,
Woman's Vengeance."

The name of author and
poem of which the following
part, are wanted:
Once, within a secret chamber,
Stood a loom of wondrous power.

Remember Our Blessings

EDNA W. WOOLEY

We all have blessings.

And if we remembered our blessings as faithfully as we do our vicissitudes, we'd rail less against Fate.

Yes, I know—Sorrow seems to cut deeper than joy.

It's the storms that devastate, not the pleasant breezes and the sunshine and the flowers.

It's grief that cuts the great gashes in our being. It's disappointments and disillusionments and heartaches that run furrows in our sou's.

But our blessings are like the tender moss, the clinging vines, bright wild flowers and waving grasses, flowering shrubs and even, in time, sturdy trees, that grow in the cracks and crevices, fill in the furrows and close the gaps.

Search your mind for your blessings; let the sense of them grow and cover the wreck of your hope, and your joy. Don't pull up or tear down these heaven-sent softeners of grief, these beautifiers of sorrow.

* * *

Counting her blessings has brought new life to one nerve-wracked woman, prostrated by a persistent insomnia.

"I thought I would go insane," she said, "lying there, night after night, waiting for the sleep that wouldn't come.

"I tried everything I had ever heard about. I counted billions of sheep. I tried not to think at all. I got up and walked the floor, hoping to tire myself. I dreaded the thought of my bed, and put off retiring as long as I could. Still, I wouldn't take the powders the doctor gave me. I was afraid to.

"And one night, when I was lying there thinking all sorts of wild thoughts, it suddenly came to me—'Count your blessings. Count your blessings.'

"So I began to employ my brain remembering the good things that had happened to me in my life. One after another they came to me, until I grew peaceful and happy and, before I knew it, I was sleeping.

"And so, every night after that, I thought of my blessings and hunted way back in my memory for those I had forgotten. It was like reading a beautiful, entertaining book.

"It wasn't long before I had a bunch of blessing piled up that I never had realized I possessed. I had taken them so as a matter of course, you know, when they happened, or just because they were everyday affairs and I was so familiar with them that I hadn't stopped to think of them as blessings.

"With quieter thoughts my insomnia left me and now I don't know what a sleepless night is.

"I haven't stopped counting my blessings, though. When anything goes wrong, before I begin to complain and grieve over it, I stop and try to think of some blessing that offsets it, and if I can't think of that right away, I start counting over again. It's never failed to work.

"Why, my husband said to me the other day:

"'Dear, I don't know how it is, but it does seem to me you're getting younger every day. I haven't seen you looking so well since the first years of our marriage.'

"'Maybe,' I told him, 'it's because I've found out that I've got so many more blessings than I ever thought I had.'

"Why, really, do you know, I'm beginning to think I haven't got anything else but blessings!"

We can't always have fair skies.

But those of us who lament through the present storm, forgetting the clear skies that have been, and those that will come again, and who remember only the storms and the clouds, are deliberately putting away the comfort of their blessings.

WOMEN OF MIDDLE AGE

Need Lydia E. Pinkham's Vegetable Compound

Brookfield, Mo.—"Two years ago I was unable to do any kind of work and only weighed 118 pounds. My trou-dates back to the time that wo-may expect na- to bring on t- the Change of L- I got a bottle Lydia E. Pinkha- Vegetable C- pound and it m- me feel much be- and I have con- ued its use. I very grateful to for the good he- I am now enjoying."—Mrs. Sa- LOUSIGNONT, 414 S. Livingston St Brookfield, Mo.

The Change of Life is the most cr- cal period of a woman's existence, neglect of health at this time in- disease and pain.

Women everywhere should rem- ber that there is no other rem- known to medicine that will so cessfully carry women through trying period as Lydia E. Pinkha- Vegetable Compound, made from tive roots and herbs.

For 30 years it has been curing men from the worst forms of fem- ills—inflammation, ulceration, placements, fibroid tumors, irregu- ties, periodic pains, backache, nervous prostration.

If you would like special adv- about your case write a confid- tial letter to Mrs. Pinkham, Lynn, Mass. Her advice is f- and always helpful.

ACUTE SKIN TORMENT

"My hands and arms, right up to the elbows, broke out with large blisters, some an inch across. I need not tell any sufferer from distressing skin complaints what I went through. The irritation almost drove me mad. I became an out-patient of a London hospital and after a fortnight's attendance was seen by a skin specialist who told me the complaint was psoriasis. The irritation was not allayed at all. Later the disease took a more serious form, affecting my neck and face as well as my hands and arms. My neck was covered and sometimes my eyes were so badly swollen that I could scarcely see. The irritation is too mild a word to describe my suffering, it was excruciating agony. I obtained some Cuticura Soap, Cuticura Resolvent and Cuticura Ointment and was especially pleased with the ointment, which immediately allayed the itching and caused the sores to heal steadily and surely. In three weeks I was completely cured and there has been no return of the complaint. Arthur Duncan, Bridgend, Wales, Jan. 18, 1909." Cuticura sold by druggists everywhere.

HELP WANTED.

GOVERNMENT EMPLOYES WANTED—Write for free list of examinations. Franklin Institute, Dept. B. 82, Rochester, N. Y.

BREAK CASH RECORDS

Railway Earnings $100,000,000 Over Last Year.

Washington, D. C., Sept. 4.—With the announcement by the interstate commerce commission of the May receipts of the railroads of the country it became known that the last fiscal year was the greatest, so far as the volume of railroad business was concerned, in he industrial history of the country.

The net operating revenue for the first 11 months of the year ending June 30 was more than $100,000,000 greater than the operating revenue for the corresponding 11 months of the year ending June 30, 1909. It also was demonstrated by the commission's report that the last year was far ahead of 1907, referred to in industrial life as the banner year.

Figures Mount Into Billions.

The May Bulletin on operating revenues and expenses of all the steam roads in the country makes it possible to show what the railroads have done during all but one month of the year just closed. Operating revenues for the 11 months were $2,542,210,-213. Operating expenses were $1,-740,908,118, leaving a balance of $801,302,595, with which to pay taxes, dividends and interest on funded debt.

At the close of the first 11 months of the fiscal year ending June 30, 1909, the railroads had net operating revenues of $750,799,214, with which to pay taxes, dividends and interest on funded debts.

The exact increase for the first 11 months of the fiscal year ended June 30, 1910, over the first 11 months of the year ended June 30, 1909, is $110,503,381. In other words, the net profits from the operation of all lines are bigger by more than $110,-000,000.

Totals Compared.

For a basis of comparison with previous years by full years, the June, 1910, revenue and expenses have been estimated as one-eleventh of the total for the first 11 months and added to known totals. This makes the figures for the complete fiscal year ended June 30, 1910, as follows:

Operating revenues ... $2,773,320,770
Operating expenses ... 1,883,717,948
Net operating revenues $339,602,822

The actual figures for the complete fiscal year ended June 30, 1909, compiled from the monthly interstate commerce commission bulletins, are as follows:

Operating reveunes ... $2,443,312,232
Operating expenses ... 1,615,497,233
Net operating expenses $27,814,989

This shows that for the fiscal year 1910 the net operating revenues of the railways of the United States were $111,787,833 greater than for the fiscal year 1909.

DELANO PARTY LOST IN WOODS

President of Wabash Road and Daughter Sleep in Open.

Chicago, Sept. 4.—Lost in the pine woods of northern Michigan and forced to sleep in the open, with only the towering pines above them, was the experience of Frederic A. Delano, president of the Wabash road, and his daughter.

One night was spent this way, and late on the afternoon of the second day, when the little party had reconnoitered camp, they were found by a searching party and escorted to the headquarters of the Huron Mountain Hunting and Fishing club, from which they had strayed.

The little party had wandered off into the forest, and when night began to fall realized that they had lost their way. Shouting brought no response, so camp was made of pine boughs and a fire started with the last match Mr. Delano had. Berries alone constituted the food of the party until rescuers came.

JAIL SUICIDE HOLDS PICTURE

Man Who Asked for Bed Cuts His Throat in Cell.

Pittsburg, Sept. 3.—With his throat slashed from ear to ear and clasping tightly the photograph of a handsome woman, a man giving his name to the police as Albert S. Rinker, of Washington, D. C., was found dead in a cell in the Penn avenue police station early today. A bloody razor lay near the body. Rinker applied to the police lodging last night, saying he had walked from Braddock, and was very tired.

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TAFT CALLS FOR ACTS, NOT WORDS

St. Paul, Sept. 6.—President Taft in an address before the National Conservation congress here yesterday made plain his position on the whole subject of conservation.

Later in the day the President made a speech at the State fair.

The speech was an exhaustive one and prepared with greater care than any public utterance Mr. Taft has made since his inauguration.

An essential part of his speech was an appeal for practical common sense in conservation.

"The time has come," he declared, "for a halt in general rhapsodies over conservation, making the word mean every known good in the world, for after the public attention has been aroused such appeals are of doubtful utility and do not direct the public to the specific course that the people should take, or have their legislators take in order to promote the cause of conservation.

"Real conservation involves wise, non-wasteful use in the present generation with every possible means of preservation for future generation.

How to Save.

"The problem is how to save and how to utilize; how to conserve and still develop."

The President's concluding sentence was a plea that when men come forward to suggest evils that conservation will cure, they be invited to point out the specific evils and the specific remedies; that they be invited to come down to details so that their discussions may "flow into channels that shall be useful rather than into periods that shall be entertaining without shedding real light on the subject."

President Taft announced that he would submit to congress the solution of the problem of adjusting the control of water power sites as between the states and the general government.

Credit to Roosevelt.

Mr. Taft gave repeated credit in his speech to Col. Roosevelt for his work for conservation, but he apparently took a fling at the "new nationalism" when he said:

"In these days there is a disposition to look too much to the federal government for everything. I am liberal in the construction of the constitution with reference to federal power; but I am firmly convinced that the only safe course for us to pursue is to hold fast to the limitations of the constitution and to regard as sacred the powers of the states.

When President Taft's was introduced the entire audience stood and cheered. No effort was made, however to prolong the demonstration.

The president's first mention of Mr. Roosevelt called out another demonstration which lasted about as long as the one in greeting to him. While it continued the president took off his reading glasses and smiled good naturedly on the great audience. Mr. Taft was constantly interrupted by cheering.

Leaving the conservation congress, the president was escorted to the St. Paul hotel where he was entertained at luncheon.

The president made his address at the state fair grounds at 4:30 p. m. and after spending the late afternoon in Minneapolis, left for Beverly at 8:15 p. m.

President Taft said:

Gentlemen of the National Conservation Congress—Conservation as an economic and political term has come to mean the preservation of our natural resources for economical use, so as to secure the greatest good to the greatest number. In the development of this country, in the hardships of the pioneer, in the energy of the settler, in the anxiety of the investor for quick returns, there was very little time, opportunity, or desire to prevent waste of those resources supplied by nature which could not be quickly transmuted into money while the investment of capital was so great a desideratum that the people as a community exercised little or no care to prevent the transfer of absolute ownership of many of the valuable natural resources to private individuals, without retaining some kind of control of their use.

The Danger.

The danger to the state and to the people at large from the waste and dissipation of our national wealth is not one which quickly impresses itself on the people of the older communities, because its most obvious instances do not occur in their neighborhood, while in the newer part of the country the sympathy with expansion and development is so strong that the danger is scoffed at or ignored. Among scientific men and thoughtful observers, however, the danger has always been present; but it needed some one to bring home the crying need for a remedy of this evil so as to impress itself on the public mind and lead to the formation of public opinion and action by the representatives of the people. Theodore Roosevelt took up this task in the last two years of his second administration, and well did he perform it.

As President of the United States I have, as it were, inherited this policy, and I rejoice in my heritage. I prize my high opportunity to do all that an Executive can do to help a great people realize a great national ambition. For conservation is national. It affects every man of us, every woman, every child. What I can do in the cause I shall do, not as President of a party, but as President of the whole people. Conservation is not a question of politics, or of factions, or of persons. It is a question that affects the vital welfare of all of us—of our children and our children's children. I urge that no good can come from meetings of this sort unless we ascribe to those who take part in them, and who are apparently striving worthily in the cause, all proper motives, and unless we judicially consider every measure or method proposed with a view to its effectiveness in achieving our common purpose, and wholly without regard to who proposes it or who will claim the credit for its adoption. The problems are of very great difficulty and call for the calmest consideration and clearest foresight. Many of the questions presented have phases that are new in this country, and it is possible that in their solution we may have to attempt first one way and then another.

What I wish to emphasize, however, is that a satisfactory conclusion can only be reached promptly if we avoid acrimony, imputations of bad faith, and political controversy.

Real Conservation.

Real conservation involves wise, non-wasteful use in the present generation, with every possible means of preservation for succeeding generations; and though the problem to secure this end may be difficult, the burden is on the present generation promptly to solve it and not to run away from it as cowards, lest in the attempt to meet it we may make some mistake. As I have said elsewhere, the problem is how to save and how to utilize, how to conserve and still develop; for no sane person can contend that it is for the common good that nature's blessings should be stored only for unborn generations.

I beg of you, therefore, in your deliberations and in your informal discussions, when men come forward to suggest evils that the promotion of conservation is to remedy, that you invite them to point out the specific evils and the specific remedies; that you invite them to come down to details in order that their discussions may flow into channels that shall be useful rather than into periods that shall be eloquent and entertaining, without shedding real light on the subject. The people should be shown exactly what is needed in order that they make their representatives in congress and the state legislature do their intelligent bidding.

PICK BURROWS TO WIN AGAIN

Politicians Believe He Will Go Back to Senate for Michigan.

Detroit, Mich., Sept. 4.—Tuesday at the state primaries the first test of the strength of Michigan of the Republican insurgency movement will take place. Julius Caesar Burrows is the chief battler, there being no direct, aggressive fight against "standpatism" or "Cannonism" in any of the seven districts in which there are rival candidates for the Republican nomination for congress. Local issues prevail in each, though the man outside uses insurgent thunder for effect.

The preponderance of opinion is that insurgency will not make an impressive showing, though the contest Congressman Charles E. Townsend is putting up for Julius Caesar's senatorial seat has been vigorous enough to overshadow the campaign for the gubernatorial nomination, which under other circumstances would monopolize the spotlight.

There are three candidates for the Republican nomination for governor—Amos S. Musselman, a Grand Rapids merchant; Chase S. Osborn of the upper peninsula, long prominent in state politics and offices, and Lieut. Gov. Patrick Henry Kelley. The contest is muddled and close, but from a bird's-eye view the upper peninsula candidate seems to have a slight advantage.

1,000 DEAD IN JAP FLOODS

Steamer Brings News of Awful Loss of Life and Property.

Victoria, B. C., Sept. 3. — The loss of life in the Japanese floods exceeded 1,000, according to advices brought by the steamer Antilochus, which arrived from Yokohama today.

The official list for 15 prefectures shows the dead or missing to total 1,113. More than 180,000 houses were flooded and wrecked, 3,593 being swept away. More than 50,000 acres of land were flooded and 200,000 persons are homeless and receiving relief.

HANGS FAR ABOVE GROUND

Boy Clings to Ferris Wheel After He Loses Balance.

New York, Sept. 4.—A six-year-old boy hung sixty feet above the ground for five minutes in a Ferris wheel at Clason Point after he had lost his balance and fallen.

He grabbed an iron bar and hung on desperately until men climbed the structure and rescued him. The manager of the contrivance was so glad the boy was not hurt he bought him the biggest plate of ice cream he could find.

URGES NEW LABOR LAW

Roosevelt in New Speech Favors Workmen.

Kansas City, Kan., Sept. 1.—Speaking to an audience composed chiefly of workingmen in this city, Col. Roosevelt today heartily endorsed the passage of a federal workingmen's compensation act, which is one of the chief planks of the Kansas state platform recently adopted.

A giant crowd awaited the colonel upon his arrival at the Union Station. As this is the only point at which his train is to stop in Missouri on his present trip, thousands of people from all parts of Missouri and the southwest had journeyed here to greet him. Every hotel was jammed with visitors last night and this morning, hours before his special train arrived, the station and the streets along which the parade will pass were lined.

Just what the colonel will do while here is difficult to determine. His stop here is to be between 12:15 and 10:40 p. m. The reception committee had planned a compact program whereby, if everything went off per schedule the ex-president would have one hour, between 5:30 and 6:30 o'clock, to himself. Every other minute was taken up with speeches, receptions and motor rides.

Last night, at the colonel's request a message was sent to the commercial club here, asking the members to arrange for the ex-president to visit the county fair at Independence, Mo., 12 miles east of here and also to grant him as much time to rest as possible. Futile efforts were made by Commercial club members to get in communication with the ex-president and then it was decided to leave the matter to Mr. Roosevelt upon his arrival today, changing the program to suit himself.

WHERE TO FIND ODD NAMES

The New York Directory Has Some Surely Hard to Bear.

New York, Sept. 4.—One of the six best sellers, the City Directory, is out again. The entertaining little volume contains two Laffs and one Tear.

The original Mr. Smith has 3,318 relatives this year. Brown runs second with 1,600, and poor Jones has only 850.

Prohibitionists may be glad there are only 2 Drinkers, 1 Booz, 2 Boozers and 1 Drinkwine. Mr. Pickle may be included, but Mr. Drinkwater balances the account. Looking closer we find 30 Beers, 10 Schnapps and 16 Seltzers. There are 9 Batts.

Passing on to the next page one sees 2 Beans in front of 8 Bears, 24 Beavers and 4 Mules. Near them are 130 Cranes, 4 Ravens, 15 Robins, 9 Ratts and 80 Fishes. They are surrounded by numerous Hoggs, Goats, Piggs and Wolfs, one Rabbitt and a Cow. The latter is a policeman, which is appropriate, as policemen in slang are "bulls."

There is just one Catt. There are five times as many Wilds and Wooleys. Out of eleven names there are 4 Losers, 6 Winners and 1 Even.

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EVEN if you never sold a dollar's worth of goods in your life, make $5 to $10 a day selling our made-to-order suits and pants.

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ROOSEVELT HITS HARD

Roasts "Interests" in Politics and Goes After Rich Corporations.

Osamatomie, Kan., August 31.—Delivering the most notable speech of his western trip so far, Theodore Roosevelt today preached a doctrine that bordered on the sensational.

The speech was a summing up of his beliefs on the problems of which he has hinted briefly thus far on his trip.

He declared today that the country must have government supervision not only of public service corporations, but of all corporations doing an interstate business. He urged that special interests be driven out of politics, and declared for an inheritance tax on big fortunes. There were many other declarations which startled his hearers.

Comes to Dedicate Park.

Col. Roosevelt, America's "peace envoy," came from the west this morning to dedicate as "The John Brown Park," the battlefield of Osawatomie, where, over half a century ago, the noted abolitionist and his meagre force fired the first gun in defense of liberty.

Col. Roosevelt was greeted in martial style, cavalry from Fort Riley, Kan., a military band from Ft. Leavenworth, a company of state troops and hundreds of G. A. R. and Spanish war veterans taking part in the program.

After six hours here amid scenes of the early struggles of the anti-slavery league, the ex-president, with his party, is to continue his trip, going next to Lawrence as the guest of Gov. W. R. Stubbs.

To Visit Brown Cabin.

The program includes a visit to the Masonic temple, where a reception will be held, a journey in automobiles to John Brown's old cabin, situated a mile and a half northwest of the town, then luncheon at the state hospital for the insane.

The afternoon exercises began with a parade reviewed by Col. Roosevelt. Through the heart of Colorado and into the western edge of Kansas, Theodore Roosevelt traveled yesterday on one of the longest jumps of his wester tour. He left his train only once during the day at Pueblo, Colo., to lay the cornerstone of the Young Men's Christian association building.

In his speech at the dedication of the park Col. Roosevelt spoke in part as follows:

There have been two great crises in our country's history; first when it was formed, and then again when it was perpetuated.

The formative period included not merely the revolutionary war, but the creation and adoption of the constitution and the first dozen years of work under it.

Then came 60 years during which we spread across the continent—years of vital growth without rather than within.

Then came the time of stress and strain which culminated in the Civil War, the period of terrible struggle upon the ssue of which depended the justification of all that we had done earlier, and which marked the second great period of growth and development within.

The name of John Brown will be forever associated with this second period of the nation's history, and Kansas was the theatre upon which the first act of the second of our great national life dramas was played. It was the result of the struggle in Kansas which determined that our country should be in deed as well as in name devoted to both union and freedom, that the great experiment of democratic government on a national scale should succeed and not fail. It was a heroic struggle; and, as is inevitable with all such struggles, it had also a dark and terrible side. Very much was done of good, and much also of evil; and, as was inevitable in such a period of revolution, often the same man did both good and evil. For our great good fortune as a nation, we, the people of the United States, as a whole, can now afford to forget the evil, or at least to remember it without bitterness, and to fix our eyes with pride on the good that was accomplished.

I do not speak of this struggle of the past merely from the historic standpoint. Our interest is primarily in the application today of the lesson taught by the contest of half a century ago. It is of little use for us to pay lip loyalty to the mighty men of the past unless we sincerely endeavor to apply the problems of the present precisely the qualities which in other crises enabled the men of that day to meet those crises. It is half melancholy and half amusing to see the way in which well meaning people gather to do honor to the men who, in company with John Brown, and under the lead of Abraham Lincoln, faced and solved the great problems of the 19th century, while at the same time these same good people nervously shrink from or frantically denounce those who are trying to meet the problems of the 20th century in the spirit which was accountable for the successful solution of the problems of Lincoln's time.

In every wise struggle for human betterment one of the main objects, and often the only object, has been to achieve in larger measure equality of opportunity. In the struggle for this great end, nations rise from barbarism to civilization, and through it peoples press forward from one stage of enlightenment to the next. One of the chief factors in progress is the destruction of special privilege. The essence of any struggle for healthy liberty has always been and must always be to take from some one man or class of men the right to enjoy power or wealth, or position, or immunity, which has not been earned by service to his or their fellows.

At many stages in the advance of humanity this conflict between the men who possess more than they have earned and the men who have earned more than they possess is the central condition of progress. In our day it appears as the struggle of free men to gain and hold the right of self-government as against the special interests, who twist the methods of free government into machinery for defeating the popular will. At every stage and under all circumstances the essence of the struggle is to equalize opportunity, destroy privilege, and give to the life and citizenship of every individual the highest possible value both to himself and to the commonwealth.

Practical equality of opportunity for all citizens, when we achieve it, will have two great results. First, evey man will have a fair chance to make of himself all that in him lies, to reach the highest point to which his capacities, unassisted by special privil ege of his own and unhampered by the special privileges of others, can carry him, and to get for himself and his family substantially what he has earned. Secondly, equality of opportunity means that the commonwealth will get from every citizen the highest service of which he is capable. No man who carries the burden of special privileges of another can give to the commonwealth that service to which it is fairly entitled.

I stand for the square deal. But when I say I am for the square deal I do not mean merely that I stand for fair play under the present rules of the game, but that I stand for having those rules changed so as to work for a more substantial equality of opportunity and of reward for equally good service.

This means that our governments, national and state, must be freed from the sinister influence or control of special interests. Exactly as the special interests of cotton and slavery threatened our political integrity before the civil war, so now the great special interests too often control and corrupt the men and methods of government for their own profit. We must drive the special interests out of politics. That is one of our tasks today. Every special interest is entitled to justice—full, fair and complete—but not one is entitled to a vote in congress, a voice on the bench, or to representation in any public office. The constitution guarantees protection to property, and we must make that promise good. But it does not give the right of suffrage to any corporation.

The true friend of property, the true conservative, is he who insists that property shall be the servant and not the master of the commonwealth; who insists that the creature of man's making shall be the servant and not the master of the man who made it. The citizens of the United States must effectively control the mighty commercial forces which they have themselves called into being.

There can be no effective control of corporations while their political activity remains. To put an end to it will be neither a short nor an easy task, but it can be done.

We must have complete and effective pulicity of corporate affairs, so that the people may know beyond peradventure whether the corporations obey the law and whether their management entitles them to the confidence of the public. It is necessary that laws should be passed to prohibit the use of corporate funds directly or indirectly for political purposes; it is still more necessary that such laws should be thoroughly enforced. Corporate expenditures for political purposes, and especially such expenditures by public service corporations, have supplied one of the principal sources of corruption in our political affairs.

It has become entirely clear that we must have government supervision of the capitalization not only of public service corporations, including particularly railways, but of all corporations doing an interstate business. I do not wish to see the nation forced into ownership of the railways if it can possibly be avoided, and the only alternative is thoroughgoing and effective regulation, which shall be based on a full knowledge of all the facts, including a physical valuation of the property. The physical valuation is not needed, or at least is very raraly needed, for fixing rates; but it is needed as the basis of honest capitalization.

We have come to recognize that franchises should never be granted except for a limited time, and never without proper provision for compensation to the public. It is my personal belief that the same kind and degree of control and supervision which should be exercised over public service corporations should be extended also to combinations which control necessaries of life, such as meat, oil and coal, or which deal in them on an important scale.

I believe that the officers, and especially the directors of corporations, should be held personally responsible when any corporation breaks the law.

Combinations in industry are the result of an imperative economic law which cannot be repealed by political legislation. The effort at prohibiting all combination has substantially failed. The way out lies not in attempuiting to prevent such combinations, but in completely controlling them in the interest of the public welfare.

There is a widespread belief among our people that, under the methods of making tariffs which have hitherto obtained, the special interests are too influential. Probably this is true of both the big interests and the little interests. These methods have put a premium on selfishness, and naturally the selfish big interests have gotten more than the selfish small interests. The duty of congress is to provide a method by which the interest of the whole people shall be all that receives consideration. To this end there must be an expert tariff commission, wholly removed from the possibility of political pressure or of improper business influence. Such a commission can find out the real difference between cost of production, which is mainly the difference of labor cost here and abroad. As fast as its recommendations are made, I believe in revising one schedule at a time. A general revision of the tariff almost inevitably leads to log-rolling, and the subordination of the general public interest to local and special interests.

The absence of effective state and especially national restraint upon unfair money-getting has tended to create a small class of enormously wealthy and economically powerful men, whose chief object is to hold and increase their power. The prime need is to change the conditions which enable these men to accumulate power which it is not for the general welfare that they should hold or exercise.

No man shall receive a dollar unless that dollar has been fairly earned. Every dollar received should represent a dollar's worth of service rendered. The really big fortune, the swollen fortune, by the mere fact of its size, acquires properties which differentiate it in kind as well as in degree from what is possessed by men of relatively small means. Therefore I believe in a graduated income tax on big fortunes, and in another tax which is far more easily collected and far more effective—a graduated inheritance tax on big fortunes, properly safeguarded against evasion, and increasing rapidly in amount with the size of the estate.

The natural resources must be used for the benefit of all our people and not monopolized for the benefit of the few. That is one of the fundamental reasons why the special interests must be driven out of politics.

The American people are right in demanding that new nationalism without which we cannot hope to deal with new problems. The new nationalism puts the national need before sectional or personal advantage. It is impatient of the utter confusion that results from local legislatures attempting to treat national issues as local issues. It is still more impatient of the impotence which springs from the over-division of government powers, the impotence which makes it possible for local selfishness or for legal cunning, hired by wealthy special interests, to bring national activities to a deadlock. This new natonalism regards the executive power as the steward of the public welfare. It demands of the judiciary that it shall be interested primarily in human welfare rather than in property, just as it demands that the representative body shall represent all the people rather than any one class or section of the people.

I believe in shaping the ends of government to protect property as well as human welfare. Normally, and in the long run, the ends are the same, but whenever the alternative must be faced, I am for men and not for property. I am far from underestimating the importance of dividends, but I rank dividends below human character. I know well that the reformers must not bring upon the people economic ruin, or the reformes themselves will go down in the ruin. But we must be ready to face temporary disaster, whether or not brought on by those who will war against us to the knife. Those who oppose all reform will do well to remember that ruin in its worst form is inevitable if our national life brings us nothing better than swollen fortunes for the few and the triumph in both politics and business of a sordid and selfish materialism.

One of the fundamental necessities in a representative government such as ours is to make certain that the men to whom the people delegate their power shall serve the people by whom they are elected, and not the special interests. I believe that every national officer, elected or appointed, should be forbidden to perform any service or receive any compensation, directly or indirectly, from inter-state corporations; and a similar provision could not fail to be useful within the states.

EVERYTHING IS FREE

Vienna Singers Charged All to Entertainer.

Philadelphia, Pa., Sept. 4.—When in their tour of the country, the Vienna Singing society visited Philadelphia early in the week they were tendered the freedom of the city in the usual way. Today their hosts, the United Singing Societies of Philadelphia, found that the "freedom" had been taken literally and that their guests had charged up hotel bills, cab hire, expressage on b aggage, telegraph and cable tolls and a number of other personal expenses to their entertainers.

WORE WIFE'S LINGERIE

Judge Gives Her Divorce, as a Matter of Course.

Chicago, Sept. 4.—Mrs. Carrie Ferman has obtained a divorce from Christian P. Ferman on the charge that he was so cruel as to occasionally deprive her of her fluted and filmy lingeries and wear 'em himself.

"He was so stingy," she she told Judge Dupuy, "he would not buy his own underwear. He frequently took wore it."

"I consider this the limit of cruelty," said the Court. "Did he wear them outside the house?"

"He certainly did, all one summer."

She got her decree.

INCREASE OF BIBLES

More than 1,000,000 Copies Go Out to China.

London, Sept. 4.—The one hundred and sixth annual report of the British Foreign Bible society, just published, is an interesting document. The society's total issues for the year past were as follows:

Bibles, 843,794; New Testaments, 1,198,226; portions, 4,578,014; total, 6,620,024. The result is 635,000 in excess of the output in the previous year, and constitutes a record in the history of the society.

The marked increase in the issues during the past year just ended is chiefly due to the advance of Christianity in the far East. More than 1,500,000 copies of the Scriptures went out to China, and of these nearly 99 per cent were sold, while 356,000 books were circulated in Korea and 305,000 in Japan.

Electric Railroads are Proving to be Big Money-Makers

I Am Building the Dan Patch Electric Line and Offer You This Opportunity to Invest With Me in This Great Enterprise

M. W. SAVAGE, Pres.

The First Electric Line to Tap the Wealth of Our Golden Northwest.

I Will Give You $1000 in the Voting Stock, Absolutely Free, in Addition to a 10 Share Investment, and I Believe this Free Stock Will Increase to Over $2000 Cash Value. Smaller Investments Will Receive Same Proportion of Free Stock.

WHY WALL STREET RULES WITH THE PEOPLES MONEY

BOOK OF ELECTRIC RAILROAD FACTS

I BELIEVE I can show you the best electric investment opportunity that ever came to your notice—I firmly believe it and I have backed up my belief by a $100,000 investment myself. I don't want you to say "yes" or "no" until you give me a chance to talk with you a little while.

If you've got some money that you want to place where it will bring you big returns, or if you want to invest a little each month out of your income, give me your careful attention for a little while until I can lay before you an investment proposition that strikes me as a great big money maker for the people, and the indisputable facts bear me out in my judgment—I want you to have all the facts and then I believe you will want to put your money where it will work for you and you only.

Now, the first thing to do is to send you my big 40-page "Book of Electric Railroad Facts," which I'll mail you free and at the same time I also send you my other book called "Why Wall Street Rules With the People's Money." When you get these two books which contain all the facts about the Dan Patch Electric Railroad and about me, personally, then I'm willing for you to sit in the quiet of your home and pass judgment on the whole proposition.

I just want you to have these two free books that will open your eyes about banks and Wall Street and investments in general; and when you get these two books I'll stake my chances on whether you'll say "Savage is wrong" or "Savage is right," and it won't interfere with our feelings or friendship if you never invest a dollar or never write me again. I offer you these two books free—I want to show you how you can make your money work and earn for you.

Now just a minute, while I give you a few facts. Perhaps nine out of ten readers of this paper know me already, but to those who do not, I want to say that I've been doing a national and international business out of Minneapolis for the past 12 years.

My business is now the largest of its kind in the world—made so by the continued patronage of nearly three million, thinking, progressive, hard working farmers and stock-raisers. These people are my friends and customers—thousands have already invested in my new enterprise—some from your own State and from every State in the Union and every Province in Canada. I have built up a number of big enterprises here in the Northwest and now I'm building the biggest of them all. It is known as the People's Electric Railroad, owned and controlled by the people.

Send For The 2 Books Now.

M. W. Savage, President Dan Patch Electric Railroad Minneapolis, Minn.

Dear Mr. Savage—I don't know whether I'll invest any money or not, but would like to have you send me your two Books—without any obligation on my part—"Book of Electric Railroad Facts" and "Why Wall Street Rules With the People's Money."

Name.....
Post Office.....
State.....
Toledo Weekly Blade.

MAIL ME THIS "FREE BOOKS" COUPON

I personally guarantee to protect your stock equally with my own and that it will make exactly the same per cent of profit. This is truly a people's road that is owned and controlled by the people.

I have just published a splendid photograph, 15x21 showing our splendid cars crowded with people arriving at Washburn Park Station. I will send you one free with the books—I want to tell you about this investment opportunity and how 4000 small investors have made it possible to build and operate this line without the help of Wall Street.

M. W. SAVAGE, President
Minneapolis, Minnesota

Dan Patch Electric Railroad

The Dan Patch Electric Railroad runs from Minneapolis to Rochester, and back from Lakeville to St. Paul—130 miles.

I am not merely "thinking" of building this Railroad, I am really building it now. The Northern Section is now in successful operation—great gangs are at the capacity of our magnificent cars—3000 tons of steel rails are being delivered and laid on the Northfield Division and grading has commenced on the last division south.

I am working to make this the best constructed and biggest dividend-paying Electric Railroad in the country. High-class Electric Roads from New York to Spokane are great money-makers. I tell you all about it in my Big Book. This is the second time I have given the people a chance to share with me—my other new enterprise paid 8 per cent the first nine months and 10 per cent again this year.

Now is your chance to share with me in this enterprise—the greatest of them all. I will give you $1000 in voting stock in addition to a small investment. I want to send you the estimated net profit statement, showing how your investment can rapidly increase in cash value. This information is contained in my Big Book of Electric Railroad Facts. I want you to have it even though you never invest a dollar, and I am especially anxious for you to have my new Book, "Why Wall Street Rules With the People's Money."

Don't be backward about sending for these books. I want you to have them and they won't cost you a cent—they are free—some of these Wall Street secrets will open your eyes. I want you to see how the people's money works for Wall Street. I want to show you how to make your money work for you and for no one else.

M. W. Savage, President Dan Patch Electric Railroad Minneapolis, Minn.

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Dear Mr. Savage—I don't know whether I'll invest any money or not, but would like to have you send me your two Books—without any obligation on my part—"Book of Electric Railroad Facts" and "Why Wall Street Rules With the People's Money."

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MAIL ME THIS "FREE BOOKS" COUPON

I personally guarantee to protect your stock equally with my own and that it will make exactly the same per cent of profit. This is truly a people's road that is owned and controlled by the people.

I have just published a splendid photograph, 15x21 showing our splendid cars crowded with people arriving at Washburn Park Station. I will send you one free with the books—I want to tell you about this investment opportunity and how 4000 small investors have made it possible to build and operate this line without the help of Wall Street.

M. W. SAVAGE, President
Minneapolis, Minnesota

THIS $7.75 OUTFIT FREE

This big outfit, valued at $7.75, is *absolutely FREE* to honest agents.

Fill out coupon and mail today for this big free picture outfit

We want honest workers in every county in the United States and Canada. We will send them this big outfit, valued at $7.75, absolutely free. Simply sign the coupon and mail it to us. We want to hear from you right away, because we must have at least one good hustling agent in every county in the United States to represent us.

This Outfit Contains:
1 Crayon Portrait, $1.50
1 Sepia Portrait, $1.75
1 Pastel Portrait, $3.00
1 Leatherette Roll, $1.00
1 Family Record, $0.25
1 Memorial $0.25
Total, $7.75
All FREE to Honest Agents

This sample outfit is 3 inches in diameter when rolled up. 17 inches long, and weighs about 2 lbs.

You Need No Money—We Furnish Everything

You are out nothing. We only want you to show the samples, book the orders and send them to us. We will ship goods enough to fill your orders. *You deliver the goods, collect the money, pay yourself, and any time in thirty days send us our part, which is about one-fourth of what you collect.* You always have money enough on hand, which has been collected from your subscribers, to pay yourself and us. In other words you deliver the goods, collect the money, keep your part and any time in thirty days send our part. You take a part of what you collect to pay for the goods actually delivered. Generally about 25 cents out of each $1.00 is sent us.

You Keep 75 Cents Out of Each Dollar

Putting it in another sense, out of every $100 collected you get $75 and we $25. You send our part any time in thirty days after the goods have been shipped to you.

No Experience Required because we send you full instructions with the samples and also send big catalogue showing all kinds of portraits, frames, sheet pictures, mouldings, postcards, stereoscopes and everything in art at the lowest wholesale prices. Also send our instruction book called "Nuggets of Gold," which tells you in plain, easy language just how to run the business. You can learn the whole plan in a few hours after you get the samples. **Samples, catalogue and instruction book all go together and are free. You can clear big money showing our samples and the job lasts the year round.**

J. F. Pope, of Tennessee, writes, "I haven't had a fair test yet to see just what I can do. I have a wife and five children to support. I have made $16.00 a day. I will say that if any poor man wants to get in a business that he can make money at, he should not look further."

Andrew Fedor, of Streator, Illinois, booked $101.60 worth of orders in 17 hours by showing our samples. His profit should be a little over $75.00.

H. A. Lowery, of Yeager, Oklahoma, booked $29.50 in 11 hours. He gets about $21.00 of this.

L. J. O'Brien, of Massachusetts, writes, "My average net profit is $50.00 per week above all expenses."

H. P. Watkins, of Kansas, writes, "My first lot from you delivered for $318.40." He sent us in thirty days after the goods were shipped $72.85, which paid for them. He kept the difference.

P. P. Scottons, of Utah, writes "I would be safe in saying I earned $1500.00 in 15 months. I will do better next year."

J. Fred Lightsey, of Georgia, wrote "I cleared $800.00 above all expenses last year. I will do better this year."

J. F. Williams, of Alabama, wrote "I have a mother and small size children to support and I have paid $500.00, that I owed and supported the family."

These testimonials, with hundred of others, are now on file, but why not send for samples, show them to friends and neighbors, book their orders and send them to us. We will ship you goods enough to fill all the orders you get, let you collect the money, pay yourself and send our part in thirty days. You keep all above actual cost of goods, which in most cases is about one-fourth of the selling price, or out of every dollar you collect you keep 75 cents.

WRITE at ONCE For FREE Samples

Get full details of the big opportunity we are offering right away. Thousands who have accepted this opportunity have found lucrative salaries awaiting them. We want honest, energetic agents in every country and we known that such agents can make a lot of money. None but honest agents need apply because we will not send samples and allow any one to handle our goods and collect our money who is not respected by friends and neighbors and who cannot give good references. We want good reliable agents and we can say to such agents that they will probably find more lucrative work with us than they have ever found with any other company.

Send This Coupon who have made big money representing us. We will mail you our entire wonderful plan of starting you in business. All we think you need to start. You are under no obligations. You don't need to go to work unless you want to. Get our proposition and then decide. Send the coup

Bargains Still Left For Blade Readers

Two weeks ago we announced in these columns that we had limited quantities of articles of different kinds used in our premium department in stock and that it was necessary to dispose of them because they were unavailable for our general offers owing to the insufficient quantity of any one article.

The response from our readers was instantaneous and in many instances we were obliged to return remittances because the articles were sold. We still have, however, some goods that we are going to move quickly and with that idea in view we have entirely ignored the prices we paid and are disposing of these goods regardless of the cost to us or the real value of the merchandise.

Orders will only be filled when accompanied by remittance and will be shipped in the order they are received. If the supply of any article ordered has been exhausted, when the order reaches us, we reserve the privilege of returning the money. Furthermore, if any article is not entirely satisfactory to the purchaser, The Blade will refund the amount of the purchase.

Rosezane Lamps

The body of this pretty oil lamp is made of the famous Rosezane ware. It is fitted up with burner, wick, chimney and shade complete and is ready for immediate use. The height of the lamp, completely fitted, is 20 inches.
Value $5.00.
Our bargain price $2.85. We pay freight charges.

31-Piece Dinner Set

When our first announcement was made 2 weeks ago we had 392 sets of this design in stock. Orders have been received to date for 181 sets. This is an exceptional bargain.

Consisting of 6 eight-inch dinner plates, 6 cups, 6 saucers, 6 butter chips, 6 sauce dishes and 1 twelve-inch platter. This is a very beautiful set and is decorated in green and gold design.
Value $5.

Our Bargain Price $2.65, and we pay freight charges

Jardiniere & Pedestal

The jardiniere is 6 inches in width and 5 inches high. The pedestal is 7 inches high, thus making the whole 12 inches high. The color is a pink and green combination, very highly polished, making an unusually pretty household decoration.
Value $1.50.
Our bargain price 80c, and we pay freight charges.

Bake Your Meats in a Guernsey Sanito Casserole

Remember, lots are limited and all orders will be filled as received.

Most of these articles make fine birthday, wedding and Xmas Gifts, and at these prices can be put aside and used later.

The best and most sanitary cooking ware on the market. Every housewife should have the Guernsey Casserole set, and this is the best opportunity you have ever had to obtain one.

The set consists of one 11-inch Casserole dish, with cover, and 6 oven cups. The oven cups are highly polished and can be taken from the oven and placed directly on the table. The cups can be used for individual custards.
Value $3.50
Our bargain price $1.98
and we pay the freight charges.

12-Piece Tea Set

6 cups 6 saucers

This is one of the most attractive offers in our bargain list. This set is of an exclusive design, holly decoration and is the finest grade of American ware. The Blade purchased a large quantity of these sets at a price lower than cost of manufacturing. We are making a sacrifice to dispose of the remaining sets. Each set is separately packed in cartons. **Our bargain price 98c; we pay shipping charges.**

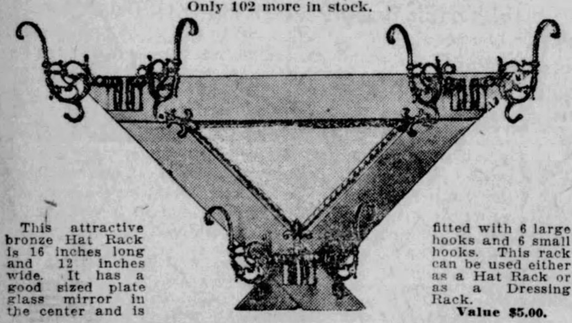
Many Print Embroidery Transfer Patterns

65 Embroidery Transfer Patterns. Assorted. Comprising the following designs—1 pair Cuffs, 13 Sprays, 4 Shirt Waists, 14 Borders, 1 Towel End, 2 Doilies, 4 Collars, 2 Alphabets, 5 Emblems, 1 Pillow Top, 9 Butterflies, 3 Initial Wreaths, 1 Opera Bag, 2 Bag Marks, 1 Scarf End, 1 Hat, 1 Skirt Panel.

Many Print Transfer Patterns can be used on Cloth, Wood or Leather. Instructions for transferring are sent with every set of patterns. Regular selling price 50 cents.
Our bargain price 14 cents postage paid.

Triangular Mirror Hat Rack

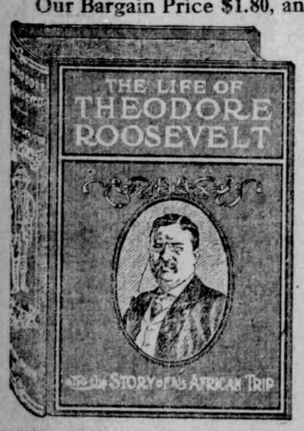
Only 102 more in stock.



This attractive bronze Hat Rack is 16 inches long and 12 inches wide. It has a good sized plate glass mirror in the center and is fitted with 6 large hooks and 6 small hooks. This rack can be used either as a Hat Rack or as a Dressing Rack.
Value $5.00.

Our Bargain Price $1.80, and we pay freight charges

One hundred and two sets of these wonderful premium books have been shipped during the past two weeks to as many satisfied purchasers.



By Logan Marshall.

Containing his early life and public career, the Roosevelt policies, what he has done and what he stands for, the story of his African hunt, his triumphant trip through Europe and his reception on returning to America. A large, complete and illustrated book on the most popular of American citizens.

In this book are given to the public for the first time in one volume (390 pages), Roosevelt's life policies and travels. **Publisher's price, $1.50.**

Our bargain price 69c, postage paid.

A complete encyclopedia of elocution, oratory and etiquette—including after-dinner wisdom and humor; mirthful gems by witty writers; portraits and biographies of America's most distinguished statesmen, diplomats, divines and public speakers. With special articles on oratory by Senator Albert J. Beveridge, Senator William E. Mason, Senator Chauncey M. Depew, Senator William B. Allison, Hon. William J. Bryan, Hon. John G. Carlisle, Hon. David B. Henderson, Senator Henry Cabot Lodge. Also the complete etiquettes of home, social, public and official life. And a special department for children, superbly illustrated.

Publisher's Price $1.50.

Our bargain price 84c postage paid.

Special edition for general use. Ten encyclopedic features. All new words given. Highly endorsed and recommended by leading educators. Seven hundred and fifty-six pages, eight hundred and forty illustrations, nineteen full page plate maps of hemispheres, lithographed in colors. Substantially bound in beautiful keratol (more durable than leather), red edges, patent thumb index.

Publisher's price $1.50.

Our bargain price 95c postage paid.

A valuable volume that should be in the hands of every farmer and gardener. A practical treatise on soil fertility, irrigation, drainage, crop culture, gardening, trucking, fruits, plant diseases, by the most eminent authorities. A special section devoted to the feed of farm animals for profit. An extensive discussion of silos and silage.

Publisher's price $2.

Our bargain price 97c postage paid.

Important Notice

Remittances should be made by United States money order, express money order or bank draft and payable to **THE BLADE CO., TOLEDO, OHIO.** Full shipping directions should accompany each order. **All orders should be addressed plainly to.....**

Premium Dept.
The Blade
Toledo, - Ohio

PLAN BATTLE IN SKY

Aviators May Bombard Model Warships.

Boston, Sept. 5.—Both amateur and professional bird men were prepared this morning to make today the great day of the Harvard-Boston aviation meeting, weather conditions permitting.

That the spectators at the last few days of the big meet will be treated to a battle in the clouds is now the hopes of the government officials, who were interested spectators last Saturday. After witnessing the remarkable work of Grahame White, in the bomb throwing contest, the army and navy officers present waited on the contest committee and it is supposed that a new event will be made. The officers proposed that a whole fleet of aeroplanes, while in the air, attack a fleet of model battleships stationed on the field.

The committee has the matter under consideration and it is believed that the aerial battle will take place before the meet is over.

BETRAYED BY HIS GAIT

Thief in Woman's Clothing Failed to Deceive.

New York, Sept. 5.—Inability to assume a feminine gait at the same time that he donned women's clothing proved the undoing of a wayfarer from Chicago in Brooklyn today. Something heavy footed about the walk of an unfamiliar figure in feminine garb seen coming out of a house on Buffalo avenue, the occupants of which are out of town, excited the suspicion of neighbors and one of them started in pursuit.

The supposed woman broke into a run and when caught, showed a surprisingly masculine ability to put up a battle. When subdued and taken to a police station the prisoner was seen to be a man wearing a tight fitting gown with two pairs of tightlaced corsets under it and a picture hat. In a bundle, which the prisoner carried, the police say they found a quantity of women's clothing and a $100 diamond ring. The prisoner gave his name as Gus Edwards and said he came from Chicago. He was held in $2,000 bail for examination.

BALLINGER PROBERS MEETING

Committee Gets Together, But Adjourns Until Wednesday.

Minneapolis, Sept. 5.—The Ballinger congressional investigating committee held its first session today since the hearings in Washington. Seven of the twelve members constituting the committee of the house and senate were present, and another, Senator Purcell, of North Dakota, was expected later in the day.

Imediately after being called to order, an adjournment was taken until Wednesday morning at 10 o'clock. The committee then left for St. Paul, to attend the conservation congress and the luncheon for President Taft. They also will be present at the reception to Colonel Roosevelt.

The members who have arrived for the consideration of a report of the controversy are Senator Nelson, chairman, and Senators Sutherland, of Utah, and Fletcher of Florida; Representatives McCall, Madison, James and Graham.

STABBER CARRIES OUT THREAT

When Free Kills Witness Whose Testimony Convicted Him.

New York, Sept. 6.—Domenico Scarpia, a Bay Ridge cobbler, just out of Sing Sing prison, where he had served five years for stabbing a woman walked into a group of Bay Ridge gossips today, shoved them gently aside and then shot the man he wanted, Felipo Crenetto, through the heart. Crenetto's testimony had convicted him and during the trial Scarpia had warned him that he would return from prison to kill him. Scarpia, after the shooting, walked from the horror-stricken group as leisurely as he had come and disappeared. The police have no clues.

STILL HOLDING GERMAN SPY

He Was Found With Sketches of English Forts.

Portsmouth, England, Sept. 6.—The German army officer who was arrested yesterday while engaged in sketching the fortifications here is still detained at Fort Purbrook. The man's name is supposed to be Elmer and he is connected with the construction division of the German land forces.

Documents found upon the alleged suspect are said to include sketches of the forts all along the hills. The papers have been despatched to the war office.

500 ARE OUT IN COAL STRIKE

Expect as Many More to Quit in Kentucky Field.

Leixngton, Ky., Sept. 6.—More than 500 men are out as a result of the recent strike declared at a number of mines in the southeastern Kentucky coal fields.

Reports received here today are to the eeffct that fully 1,000 men will be out before the end of the week. The mines affected are located in the Pineville district, Bell and adjoining counties.

Receipt That Cures Weak Men---FREE

Send Name and Address Today ---You Can Have It Free and Be Strong and Vigorous.

I have in my possession a prescription for nervous debility, lack of vigor, weakened manhood, failing memory and lame back, brought on by excesses, unnatural drains or the follies of youth, that has cured many worn and nervous men right in their own homes—without any additional help or medicine—that I think every man, who wishes to regain his manly power and virility quickly and quietly, should have a copy. So, I have determined to send a copy of the prescription, free of charge, in a plain, ordinary sealed envelope, to any man who will write me for it.

This prescription comes from a physician who has made a special study of men, and I am convinced it is the surest-acting combination for the cure of deficient manhood and vigor-failure ever put together.

I think I owe it to my fellow man to send them a copy in confidence, so that any man, anywhere, who is weak and discouraged with repeated failures may stop drugging himself with harmful patent medicines, secure what I believe is the quickest-acting, restorative, upbuilding, SPOT-TOUCHING remedy ever devised, and so, cure himself at home quietly and quickly. Just drop me a line like this: Dr. A. E. Robinson, 3938 Luck Bldg., Detroit, Mich., and I will send you a copy of this splendid receipt in a plain, ordinary sealed envelope, free of charge.

CRIPPEN TRIAL ON, GIRL GETS POINT

London, Sept. 6.—At the opening today of the trial of Dr. Hawley H. Crippen, who is charged with the murder of his wife, Belle Elmore, the prosecution announced that large quantities of poison had been found in the woman's body and that there were evidences that she had been subjected to an operation.

Ethel Clara Leneve, the doctor's typist, who accompanied him in his flight to Canada after the disappearance of his wife, and who has been held on the same charge, also was brought to the bar today, but the crown stated that it had been decided to confine the allegations against the girl to being an accessory after the fact.

This relieves Miss Leneve of any foreknowledge of the crime and is in line with the belief of her family and friends that she did not share Crippen's confidence up to the time that his wife dropped out of sight and was said to have died in California.

Was Crippen's Mistress.

Travers Humphreys appeared for the public prosecutor's office, while Solicitor Arthur Newton represented Crippen. Mr. Humphreys made a long opening address in which he reviewed the case from the time that suspicion was aroused against the husband by the unsatisfactory explanation which he offered for the disappearance of his actress wife to his return to London and the arraignment of the doctor and Miss Leneve on the joint charge of murder.

For at least three years Miss Leneve had been Crippen's mistress, the prosecutor said, which might account for the wife's anger. In January Miss Leneve was feeling her position in regard to Crippen acutely and particularly so at that time, when she expressed considerable jealousy of Mrs. Crippen.

In a written statement made to Inspector Dew when the investigation first opened, Crippen said that Belle Elmore was living in the protection of another man when he married her in Jersey City.

Crippen's statement concluded with a story of the quarrel on the night of January 31, after Paul Martinetti and Mrs. Martinetti, who had spent the evening with the Crippens, had left the house. During the quarrel the doctor said that his wife threatened to leave him on the following day. On returning from business on February 1, Crippen said he found his wife had gone. He took steps to prevent a scandal and fabricated the story of her trip to California and her death.

SWIMS IN HIS CLOTHES

Secretary of War Dickinson Does a Stunt.

San Francisco, Sept. 6.—Secretary of War Jacob M. Dickinson does not look like a "cut up." Neither has he the figure that suggests the wanderer from the paths of strict convention. But the liner Siberia, on which the head of the war department traveled to Manila, has returned, and among the tales told out of school wos one of Secretary Dickinson giving an imitation of Mrs. Nicholas Longworth, daughter of Theodore Roosevelt.

He did not intend it as an imitation, however. It was the first day the swimming tank was rigged up on deck. The secretary, taking his morning walk with Brig. Gen. Clarence Edwards and Capt. Lars Anderson, was discussing the lack of excitement. He expressed a desire to do something that nobody had ever done before. Then he saw the tank.

Dares Others to Follow.

"I'll bet you fellows $20," he said, "that you don't dare follow me, just as you are."

"Go ahead!" said Gen. Edwards.

"I'm game," chimed in Capt. Anderson. "I'll follow you."

"Bet you don't," said the secretary, as, with a vault, he landed right in the middle of the swimming tank.

Gen. Edwards regretfully followed suit. Capt. Anderson climbed in after him.

"Now we're here," said the wet but radiant secretary, "let's have some fun."

With one hand he ducked the brigadier general, and with the other he submerged the captain.

Chucks His Secretary In.

"I'll bet nobody ever did that before," laughed the secretary as he climbed out of the tank.

"You're wrong sir," said the secretary's secretary, who had just arrived on the scene. "Mrs. Longworth did the same thing when she went out to the Philippines with the Taft party."

"She did, eh?" said the secretary of war. "Well, I'll bet she never did this. Come and held me, Edwards."

The dripping pair then seized the secretary's secretary and plunged him into the tank.

CANCER TREATMENT TEST

Dr. Gillman, of Manila, Demonstrates Before Physicians.

San Francisco, Cal., Sept. 6.—Dr. P. K. Gilman, surgeon in chief of the Philippine general hospital at Manilla whose newly discovered treatment of cancer is said to have worked remarkable cures, gave a demonstration of his system at the Southern Pacific hospital.

He operated on two patients in the presence of several physicians, some of whom afterwards expressed confidence in the efficacy of the treatment.

From here Dr. Gillman intends to go after a week to Baltimore, Washington, New York, and other eastern cities, where he will give demonstrations.

FARMERS' UNION IN SESSION

Three-Day Session Will Be Behind Closed Doors.

Charlotte, N. C., Sept. 6.—The national convention of the Farmers' Educational and Co-operative Union of America opened here today with 1,000 delegates, representing almost every state, in attendance.

President S. C. Barrett called the convention to order. The remainder of the three days' meeting will be behind closed doors.

ROUGE IS NEW NEWPORT FAD

Complexions Imported From France in Evidence at Horse Show.

Newport, R. I., Sept. 6.—The Paris fashion of using paint on the face and a striking red preparation on the lips has come to Newport strongly, judging from appearances at the Newport horse show. Some of the handsomest women in the boxes had used paint and gerase and an overdose of powder on their faces.

Never has such a combination been used in Newport before to such an extent.

VERMONT OPENS BATTLE

Primaries Will Give Line on Republican Strength.

White River Junction, Vt., Sept. 6.—The battle of the ballot of the Vermont state election began early today in some of the larger communities under adverse weather conditions and with little incentive except party loyalty to go to the polls.

Many of the little hill towns did not start voting until the farmers had cleaned up the morning chores, and it was well onto midday before some of them had a chance to vote for governor, other state officers, congressmen and members of the legislature.

Rain fell most of the night and the roads were deep with mud after several days of wet weather.

In Bennington and several other towns in the southern part of the state the Republican and Democratic leaders made an agreement last week to use automobiles or carriages or make any inducement to the voters to go to the polls, but in the large cities there was no such arrangement.

Interest in the election centered on the size of the majority given Dr. John A. Meade of Rutland, the Republican candidate for governor.

HARMON WILL NOT RIDE WITH ROOSEVELT.

Columbus, Sept. 5.—Governor Harmon will not ride in the carriage with Colonel Roosevelt when the latter comes to Columbus next Saturday and the committee on arrangements is miffed. The governor says he has made other arrangements for reaching the park where the colonel is to speak, but it is suspected that strictures on the outlook on the governor's conduct of the strike situation are at the bottom of it.

STILL HUNT FOR TWO NEGROES

Posse Said to Have Already Killed Part of Band.

Athens, Ga., Sept. 6.—Telephone messages received here today from Carlton, Ga., where five negroes were reported to have ben killed last Thursday night after attempting to assault the daughter of Robert Huff, a planter, and rob and murder the other members of the Huff family, indicate that two of the accused negroes are still at liberty.

Cliff Bolton, one of the negroes, resisted arrest when captured by Marshal Johnson, it is stated, and was probably fatally shot. Two others are reported to have been captured by posses and summarily dealt with while the remaining two made their escape.

4,035 AFTER OFFICE IN N. H.

Parties Try Direct Primary for First Time in State.

Concord, N. H., Sept. 6.—The first effort to test the direct primary method for selecting candidates for all state offices was tried by both Republicans and Democrats in New Hampshire today. The principal contest was that for the nomination of governor between Col. Bertram E. Ellis of Keene and Robert P. Bass of Peterboro. There was no contest for the Democratic nomination. There were names of 4,035 party aspirants on the primary ballots as candidates for positions on the ballot next November, the greater portion being those anxious to obtain seats in the legislature, although direct primary acts applied to all offices.

INSTRUCTS BRYCE TO PROTEST

London, Sept. 6.—The British Foreign Office today instructed Ambassador Bryce at Washington to make a formal protest to the American State Department against certain conditions imposed upon English export textile firms in the circular recently sent to its consuls here and on the continent, and to endeavor to have what are regardad as the most objectionable regulations modified.

TELLS ROOSEVELT HE LIES, PUT OUT

Fargo, N. Dak., Sept. 6.—A man who fought his way to ex-President Roosevelt and called him a liar gave a bad scare yesterday to the crowd in Island park in this city. Col. Roosevelt seized the man and helped to eject him from the platform.

It was a good natured, laughing crowd and the colonel shook hands with everyone who could get near enough to him. A small, poorly dressed man pushed his way through the mass of people until he could make himself heard by the colonel. He wore a battered hat and was unshaven.

"I have a question to ask you, Roosevelt!" he shouted.

He raised one arm over the heads of the people, waving it to attract the colonel's attention, and called out again and again that he wanted to ask a question. Col. Roosevelt saw him and watched him closely.

Fighting his way through the crowd, the man at length reached the short flight of stairs leading to the speaker's stand. He mounted the steps and stopped when he reached the top. Standing about six feet from Col. Roosevelt he called out once more: "I have a question to ask you, Roosevelt."

The men and women on the stand grew silent. Col. Roosevelt turned and faced him. Waving one arm the man shouted: "I want to know who is paying the expenses of this trip of yours about the country."

The question angered Col. Roosevelt and his face showed it. He advanced a step toward his interrogator and shot back his answer.

"I consider that to be an impertinent question," he said. "However, I have no objection to telling you," he added, "that the expenses of the party are being paid by the magazine of which I am one of the editors."

"You lie," the man shouted so loudly that hundreds of persons in the crowd could hear him.

As he spoke the words Col. Roosevelt stepped forward quickly and seized him by the arm. Others put him off the platform.

SEED WHEAT

The New Malakoff; The Great Russian Winter Wheat. Imported and introduced by us six years ago, has made the most remarkable record for large yields, certain crop and quality in the annals of American wheat growing. We also grow the Karkoff, Turkish Red and Fultz varieties. Mammoth White Rye, all Strictly Northern Grown. Samples of any two varieties with Catalog Free. For additional samples of Wheat, Rye, Alfalfa, Clovers, Grasses or other seeds inclose 1c in stamps for each to pay postage.
RATEKIN'S SEED HOUSE, Shenandoah, Iowa.

AVENGERS CROSS OCEAN TO KILL

Reggio Di Calabria, Italy, Sept. 6.—To the vengeance of the Black Hand society in New York is ascribed the revolting murder, early yesterday, of Policeman Rovolino, his wife and six children in the little village of Pellaro, which lies eight miles south of Reggio on the Strait of Messina.

At 2 o'clock in the morning some of the townspeople of Pellaro were awakened by the terrified shrieks of a child and rushing to the cottage occupied by the Rovolino family found the three-year-old daughter of the policeman lying with her throat cut before the open door of her home screaming pitiously.

Slayer Uses Ax.

Tenderly picking up the little child the villagers carried her inside the house, where they were horrified to find the remaining members of her family lying dead, all of them having been terribly mutilated by blows from an ax.

The Rovolinos suddenly returned from the United States a short time ago and since then, it is said, two attempts have been made to poison them. Rovolino himself spoke of the possibility of vengeance being directly against him.

No Clue is Found.

The crime was revolting in its barbarity. Beside the mother lay her 4-months-old baby with its skull crushed in. Despite the efforts of the surgeons to save the life of the little girl, whose cries aroused the neighborhood, she soon died.

None of the townspeople saw or heard the murderers, who escaped without leaving a clue as to their identity.

THE MARKETS

The Grain Markets.

Toledo, O., Sept. 6.—Of wheat there was not a great deal to say early in the session. Opening firm and slightly higher, the market dropped back to about the previous close, through not equal to those of a year ago. At Chicago the market was featureless with commission houses on both sides. Toledo cash opened at $1.02⅝, Sept. the same, December at $1.06¾, and May at $1.11½.

There was considerable realization in wheat. This and lack of export demand were leading features. Cash and September closed 1½c off at $1.01; December 1½c down at $1.05 and May 1⅝c down at $1.10⅛.

Corn centered more than usual interest, With frosts holding off and weather warm, the market showed pronounced weakness. A week or ten days of weather such as prevailed over Sunday, would put the bulk of the crop out of the way of frost. September opened ¾c down at 61¼, December ⅝c off at 59½c, and May unchanged at 61⅜c.

At the close which follows, corn was about 1½c lower; cash and Sept. 60½c, December 57⅛c, May 60⅝c.

Oats opened practically unchanged. September started at 35½c, September at 38c, and May at 41c, the only change at the opening or up till 10 a. m. being a drop of ⅛c in the far month.

Strength of clover seed was surprising and the market jumped from $9.10 to $9.45. Reports have not been favorable for some time and rain in the harvesting sections is not helping matters. At 10 a. m. the market stood at $9.45 all around.

Upward continued clover seed. Country offerings were light and demand good. Seed clover at $12.00 is predicted. The market closed 70c up, at $8.80.

TOLEDO.

				Close	
Cash	1.02⅝	....	....	1.01	1.02½
Sept.	1.02⅝	....	....	1.01	1.02½
Dec.	1.06¾	....	....	1.05	1.06⅛
May	1.11½	....	....	1.10⅛	1.12⅛
Corn—					
Cash	....	....	....	60½	62
Sept.	61¼	....	....	60½	62
Dec.	59⅛	....	....	57⅛	59½
May	61⅜	....	....	60⅜	61⅜
Oats—					
Cash	....	....	....	35	35½
Sept	35½	....	....	34⅞	35½
Dec	38	....	....	37⅝	38⅛
May	41	....	....	40⅜	41⅛
Clover Seed—					
Cash	9.30	....	....	9.80	9.10
Oct.	9.30	....	....	9.80	9.10
Dec	9.45	....	....	9.80	9.10
March	9.45	....	....	9.80	9.10
Rye—					
No. 2	....	....	....	71	71
No. 3	....	....	....	67½	67½
Timothy—					
Prime	....	....	....	4.40	4.40
Oct.	....	....	....	4.40	4.40
Alsike—					
Prime	....	....	....	9.20	9.15
Oct.	....	....	....	9.20	9.15

CHICAGO.

Wheat—					
Sept.	98⅝	99¼	97⅛	97⅝	98⅜
Dec.	1.03½	1.03⅝	1.01½	1.01⅝	1.03⅛
May	1.08⅞	....	1.07⅝	1.07¼	1.08⅜
Corn—					
Sept.	58⅝	....	57	57⅛	58⅞
Dec.	57⅞	....	....	55½	57½
May	59⅜	....	....	58⅝	60⅛
Oats—					
Sept.	33⅝	33⅝	....	33⅛	33⅝
Dec.	36⅜	36⅛	35½	35⅝	36⅝
May	39⅝	39⅞	....	38½	39½

NEW YORK.

Wheat—					
Sept	1.06⅝	....	....	1.05⅜	1.06⅝
Dec	1.10⅜	1.10⅝	....	1.08⅞	1.10⅞

ST. LOUIS.

Wheat—					
Sept	98½	98⅝	....	97⅝	98¼
Dec	1.02⅛	....	....	1.01⅛	1.02⅞

MINNEAPOLIS.

Wheat—					
Sept	....	....	....	1.10⅜	1.10⅜
Dec	....	....	....	1.12⅛	1.12⅛

DULUTH.

Wheat—					
Sept	....	....	....	1.13¼	1.14¼
Dec	....	....	....	1.13⅝	1.14⅝

CHICAGO PROVISIONS.

Pork—					
Oct.	20.67	....	....	20.55	20.65
Jan.	18.70	....	....	18.70	18.75
Sept.	....	....	....	20.62	....
Lard—					
Sept.	12.27	....	....	12.25	12.20
Oct.	12.27	....	....	12.27	12.25
Jan	10.75	....	....	10.77	10.75
Ribs—					
Sept.	12.15	....	....	12.05	12.05
Oct.	11.90	....	....	11.85	11.90
Jan.	9.85	....	....	9.80	9.80

Toledo Live Stock.

Toledo Union Stock Yards, Sept. 6.—Receipts of hogs were light and the market ruled strong. Best grades touched $10. Other lines were steady.

Other live stock quotations:

Hogs—Selected heavies, $10.00; good mediums, $10.00; heavy yorkers, $10.00; light yorkers, $9.75@9.90; good mixed, 150 pounds and up, $9.75@9.85; goods pigs, $9.75@9.90; bulk of sales, $10.00; stags and roughs, $7.00@8.50.

Cattle—Prime steers, 1,250 and up, $6.00@6.50; good to choice, $6.00@6.25; good fat, 1,050 @1,250, $5.50@6.00; fair to good, 900@1,100, $5.25@5.75; common and light steers, $4.50@5.00; choice to fat cows, $3.50@4.25; fair to good cows, $3.00@4.00; common cows, $2.50@3.00; canners and cutters, $2.00@2.50; prime export bulls, $5.50@4.00; good butcher bulls, $3.25@3.75; fair to good bologna, $3.25@3.50; common, $3.00@3.25; choice fat heifers, $4.00@4.90; fair to good heifers, $3.00@4.00; common and light heifers, $3.00@3.50; good to choice feeding steers, $4.00@4.50; fair to good feeders, $4.00@4.25; stockers, good to choice, $3.50@4.00; stockers, common to fair, $3.00@3.50; milkers and springers, $25@50.

Sheep and Lambs—Prime wethers, $4.00@4.50; good to choice mixed, $3.50@4.00; fair to good, $3.00@3.50; culls and common, $2.00@3.00; culls to fair, $4.00@5.00; yearlings, $4.00@4.50; lambs, choice, $6.50@6.75.

Calves—Veal, choice to extra, $9.75 down.

Buffalo Live Stock.

East Buffalo, Sept. 6.—(By Swope, Hughes, Waltz & Benstead.)—Cattle five cars; slow. Hogs, eight cars; strong; heavy, $10.20@10.30; Yorkers, $10.15@10.20; pigs, $10. Sheep, five cars; steady; best lambs, $6.90@7.00; yearlings, $6@5.40; wethers, $4.75@5; ewes, $4@4.25. Calves, $5@10.75.

Pittsburg Live Stock.

Pittsburg, Sept. 6.—(By Pittsburg Live Stock Journal)—Cattle, steady. Hogs, receipt 1,000; market active and strong; heavy, $9.90@10.00; mixed, $10.05@10.10; mediums, $10.25@10.30; yorkers, $10.25@10.30; lights, $10.00@10.10; pigs, $9.50@10.00. Sheep, slow and lower, $4.60 down; top lambs, $6.75. Calves, steady, $10.00.

Chicago Live Stock.

Chicago, Sept. 6.—Cattle, receipts estimated at 6,000; market slow; beeves, $4.50@8.30; Texas steers, $3.75@6.00; western steers, $4.50 @7.20; stockers and feeders, $4.00@6.20; cows and heifers, $2.40@6.50; calves, $7.00@9.25. Hogs, receipts estimated at 11,000; market strong for light, others weak; light, $9.40@10.05; mixed, $8.90@9.90; heavy, $8.75@9.70; rough, $8.75@9.00; good to choice heavy, $9.00@9.70; pigs, $8.75@9.70; bulk of sales, $9.20@9.50. Sheep, receipts estimated at 25,000; market steady; native, $2.40@4.65; western, $3.25@4.65; yearlings, $4.75@5.85; western, $5.25@7.15; lambs, native, $5.25@7.15.

Cleveland Live Stock.

Union Stock Yards, Cleveland, O., Sept. 6.—(By Bower & Bower.)—Hogs—Receipts 15 cars; higher; Yorkers, $10.10; heavies, $9.90@10.00. Lambs, $6.50. Calves, $10.00. Cattle, $4.50 @7.00.

Money and Stocks.

New York, Sept. 6.—(Wall Street)—First prices of stocks after the holiday were lower than the preceding level. There were a few exceptions among the less prominent stocks. The declines ran in Allis-Chalmers preferred to 1 and in Union Pacific, Reading, United States Steel and Amalgamated Copper to large fractions. American Hide and Leather preferred rose 1½, and Central Leather ¾. Business was insignificant in volume.

Selling of stocks became more general and there was particularly against Reading and the transcontinental stocks. Atlantic coast line broke 2½ under last week's close, General Electric 2, Reading 1¾, National Biscuit preferred 1½, Union Pacific and St. Paul 1¼ and Louisville & Nashville, Southern Pacific, Northern Pacific, United States Steel, National Lead and St. Louis Southwestern preferred 1. Light buying advanced some of the minor specialties, notably American Hide and Leather preferred, which improved 2¾, New York Air Brake 1½, Central Leather 1¼, and Mackay companies, General Chemical preferred and Corn Products preferred 1.

The lack of support for stocks grew out of the heavy inroad on the banks' surplus disclosed by the weekly statement. The direction of political discussion was called disquieting. Large offerings sufficed to carry prices downward sharply. Baltimore & Ohio broke 2, and American Sugar 1½, Pennsylvania, New York Central, Norfolk & Western, Pittsburg, Colombus, Cincinnati & St. Louis, Rock Island preferred, Wabash preferred, Brooklyn Transit, and American Beet Sugar 1. Bonds were irregular.

New York Stocks.

Stocks—	New York, Sept. 6, 1910. Open.	High.	Low.	Close.
Atl. Coast Line	109	109	108	108
Am. Loco com	34¾	34¾	34¾	34¾
Am. Sg. Rfg. Co	117½	117½	115⅝	116⅝
Atchison	97	97	96⅝	96⅝
Am. Car & F. Co	46¾	46¾	46¼	46¼
Amal. Copper	63⅛	63⅛	62¼	62¼
Am. Smelters	67	67	65⅞	65⅞
Am. Tel. & Tel	135	135	134⅝	135
Am. Tobacco pfd	92⅝	92⅝	92⅛	92⅛
Am. Cotton Oil	62	62⅜	62	62
Am. Beet Sugar	35¼	35¼	35	35
Balt. & Ohio	102	102	100¼	100¼
B'lyn R. Trans	74⅜	74⅜	73⅝	73⅝
Chicago & G. W	22½	22½	22	22
Canadian Pac.	189	189	188	188
Clover Leaf	23¼	23¼	23¼	23¼
Clover Leaf pfd	49⅝	49⅝	49⅜	49⅜
Ches. & Ohio	72⅝	72⅝	72	72
Central Leather	34	35	33¾	33¾
Consolidated Gas	128⅝	128⅝	128	128
Corn Product com	13⅝	13⅝	13⅝	13⅝
Distillers Sec	27	27¼	27	27
Erie com	25	25	25	25
Erie 1st pfd	42	42	41¾	41¾
Gt. Northern pfd	123	123¾	123	123
Interborough com	18⅛	18⅝	18⅛	18⅛
Interborough pfd	49½	49⅝	48⅝	48⅝
Louis. & Nash	141¼	141¼	140¼	140¼
Laclede Gas	99¼	99¼	99¼	99¼
Missouri Pacific	52	52	52	52
M., K. & T. com	31	31¼	30⅝	30⅝
Nor. Pacific	114	114	112⅝	113
Nat'l Lead	50	50⅛	50	50
N. Y. Air Brake	73¾	73¾	73¾	73¾
Northwestern	143	143	143	143
N. Y. Central	110¼	110¼	109¾	110
N. & W. com	96	96	95¼	96
N. & W. Con. 4s	99¼	99¼	99	99
Ont. & Western	30⅝	30⅝	30¼	30¼
Penn. Ry.	127⅜	127⅜	126⅝	127
Pacific Mail	26	26	26	26
Reading com	139	139¼	137¾	138
Rock Island	29⅜	29⅜	29	29
Rock Island pfd	63	63	63	63
Rep. pfd	94	94	94	94
South. Ry.	22